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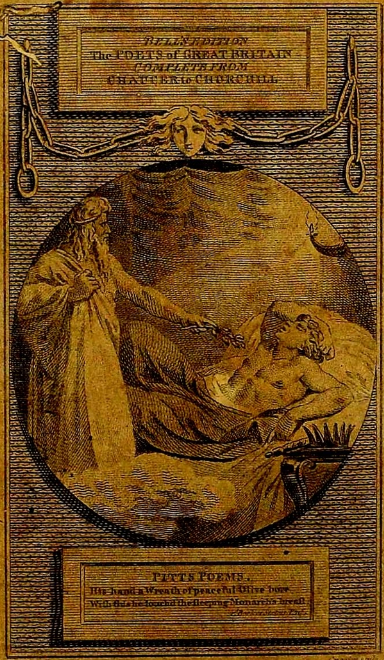

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POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHRIST. PITT.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff I 'd walk the Town
Without my ſcarf in Whiſton's draggled gown,
Ply at the Chapter and at Child's, to read
For pence and bury for a groat a head. ART OF PREACHING.

I 'll bear your jeers if ever I am known
To ſeek two cures when ſcarce I merit one.——
Money I ſcorn, but keep a little ſtill
To pay my doctor's or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's ſoft romantick ſcenes I write,
Deep ſunk in eaſe, in pleaſure, and delight. TO MR. SPENCE.

When to delicious Pimperne I retire
What greater bleſs, my Spence! can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy hours I ſpend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend:
There can I live upon my income ſtill
E'en tho' the Houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers' bill:
Yet to my ſhare ſhould ſome good prebend fall
I think myſelf of ſize to fill a ſtall.
For life or wealth let Heav'n my lot aſſign
A firm and even ſoul ſhall ſtill be mine. TO MR. SPENCE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHRISTOPHER PITT.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, EPISTLES, ODES, PARAPHRASES, IMITATIONS, &c. &c. &c.

Forgive th' ambitious fondneſs of a friend,
For ſuch thy worth 'tis glory to commend.—
So much you pleaſe, ſo vaſt is my delight,
That ev'n thy fancy cannot reach its height:
In vain I ſtrive to make the tranſport known,
No language can deſcribe it but thy own.
Could'ſt thou thy genius pour into my heart,
Thy copious fancy, thy engaging art,
Thy vig'rous thoughts, thy manly flow of ſenſe,
Thy ſtrong and glowing paint of eloquence,
Then ſhould'ſt thou well conceive that happineſs
Which I alone can feel and you expreſs.

RIDLEY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

LIFE OF

THE REV. MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

THE celebrated tranflator of Virgil was born at Blandford in the year 1699. He received his early education in the College near Winchefter, and in 1719 was removed from thence to New College in Oxford. When he had ftudied there four years he was preferred to the living of Pimperne in Dorfetfhire by his friend and relation Mr. George Pitt, which he held during the remaining part of his life. While he was at the Univerfity he poffeffed the affection and efteem of all who knew him, and was particularly diftinguifhed by that great poet Dr. Young, who fo much admired the early difplays of his genius that with an engaging familiarity he ufed to call him his fon.

Amongft the firft of Mr. Pitt's performances which faw the light were a panegyrick on Lord Stanhope, and a poem on The Plague of Marfeilles: but he had two large folios of mf. poems very fairly written out while he was a fchoolboy, which at the time of election were delivered to the examiners. One of thefe volumes contained an entire tranflation of Lucan, and the other confifted of mifcellaneous pieces. Mr. Pitt's Lucan has never been publifhed, perhaps from the confideration of its being the production of his early life, or from a confcioufnefs of its not equalling the tranflation of that author by Rowe, who executed this tafk in the meridian of his genius. Several of his other

pieces were publiſhed in his volume of Miſcellaneous Poems in the 1727.

The ingenious writer of The Student hath obliged the world by inſerting in that work ſeveral original pieces by Mr. Pitt, whoſe name is prefixed to them.

Next to his beautiful tranſlation of Virgil Mr. Pitt gained the greateſt reputation by rendering into Engliſh Vida's Art of Poetry, which he has executed with the ſtricteſt attention to the author's ſenſe, with the utmoſt elegance of verſification, and without ſuffering the noble ſpirit of the original to be loſt in his tranſlation.

This amiable poet died in the year 1748 without leaving one enemy behind him. On his tombſtone at Blandford is this inſcription;

In memory of
CHR. PITT, Clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry,
and yet more
for the univerſal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
ſimplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved
Apr. 13. 1748.
aged 48.

Mr. Auditor Benſon, who in a pamphlet of his writing has treated Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil with great contempt, was yet charmed with that by Mr. Pitt, and found in it ſome beauties of which he

was fond even to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Alliteration is one of thoſe beauties Mr. Benſon ſo much admired, and in praiſe of which he has a long diſſertation in his Letters on Tranſlated Verſe. He once took an opportunity in converſation with Mr. Pitt to magnify that beauty, and to compliment him upon it. Mr. Pitt thought this article far leſs conſiderable than Mr. Benſon did; but, ſays he, "ſince you are ſo fond of "alliteration, the following couplet upon Cardinal "Woolſey will not diſpleaſe you;

> "Begot by butchers, but by biſhops bred,
> "How high his Honour holds his haughty head!

Benſon was no doubt charmed to hear his favourite grace in poetry ſo beautifully exemplified, which it certainly is without any affectation or ſtiffneſs.

Waller thought this a beauty, and Dryden was very fond of it: ſome late writers, under the notion of imitating theſe two great verſifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the moſt improper and ridiculous expreſſions provided there be but an illiteration. It is very remarkable that an affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakeſpeare in Love's Labour Loſt, Act II. where the pedant Holofernes ſays, I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility——

> The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prickt.——

Mr. Upton, in his Letter concerning Spenſer, obſerves that alliteration is ridiculed too in Chaucer in a paſſage which every reader does not underſtand.

The Ploughman's Tale is written in ſome meaſure in imitation of Pierce Ploughman's Viſions, and runs chiefly upon ſome one letter, or at leaſt many ſtanzas have this affected iteration, as

> A full ſterne ſtriefe is ſtirr'd now——
> For ſome be grete grown on grounde.

When the Parſon therefore in his order comes to tell his Tale, which reflected on the clergy, he ſays,

> ——I am a ſouthern man,
> I cannot jeſt, rum, ram, ruff, by letter,
> And God wote rime hold I but little better.

Ever ſince the publication of Mr. Pitt's verſion of the Æneid the learned world has been divided concerning the juſt proportion of merit which ought to be aſcribed to it. Some have made no ſcruple, in defience of the authority of a name, to prefer it to Dryden's both in exactneſs as to his author's ſenſe and even in the charms of poetry. This perhaps will be beſt diſcovered by producing a few ſhining paſſages of the Æneid tranſlated by theſe two great maſters.

In biographical writing the firſt and moſt eſſential principle is candour, which no reverence for the memory of the dead, nor affection for the virtues of the living, ſhould violate. The impartiality which we have endeavoured to obſerve through this work obliges us to declare that, ſo far as to our judgment may be truſted, the latter poet has done moſt juſtice to Virgil; that he ſhines in Pitt with a luſtre which Dryden wanted not power but leiſure to beſtow; and a rea-

der from Pitt's verſion, will both acquire a more intimate knowledge of Virgil's meaning and a more exalted idea of his abilities.——Let not this detract from the high repreſentations we have endeavoured in ſome other places to make of Dryden. When he undertook Virgil he was ſtooping with age, oppreſſed with wants, and conflicting with infirmities. In this ſituation it was no wonder that much of his vigour was loſt, and we ought rather to admire the amazing force of genius which was ſo little depreſſed under all theſe calamities than induſtriouſly to dwell on his imperfections.

Mr. Spence, in one of his chapters on Allegory, in his Polymetis, has endeavoured to ſhew how very little our poets have underſtood the allegories of the Ancients even in their tranſlations of them, and has inſtanced Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of the Æneid, as he thought him one of our moſt celebrated poets. The miſtakes are very numerous, and ſome of them unaccountably groſs. Upon this, ſays Mr. Warton, "I was "deſirous to examine Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of the "ſame paſſages, and was ſurpriſed to find near fifty "inſtances which Mr. Spence has given of Dryden's "miſtakes of that kind, when Mr. Pitt had not fallen "into above three or four." Mr. Warton then produces ſome inſtances, which we ſhall not here tranſcribe, as it will be more entertaining to our readers to have a few of the moſt ſhining paſſages compared,

in which there is the higheſt room for riſing to a blaze of poetry.

There are few ſtrokes in the whole Æneid which have been more admired than Virgil's deſcription of the lake of Avernus, book VI.

"Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
"Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris;
"Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
"Tendere iter pennis; talis ſeſe halitus atris,
"Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat:
"Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.
"Quatuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
"Conſtituit, frontique invergit vina ſacerdos;
"Et, ſummas carpens medio inter cornua ſetas,
"Ignibus imponit ſacris libamina prima,
"Voce vocans Hecaten, cœloque ereboque potentem."

DRYDEN.

Deep was the cave, and downward as it went
From the wide mouth a rocky wide deſcent,
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends,
And there th' innavigable lake extends.
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight,
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur that infects the ſkies;
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Aornus to the lake.
Four ſable bullocks in the yoke untaught
For ſacrifice the pious hero brought;
The prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns,
Then cuts the curling hair, that firſt oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair,
(A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.)

PITT.

Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks and horrible to ſight,

It's dreadful mouth is fenc'd with sable floods,
And the brown horrours of surrounding woods;
From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
Blot the bright day and blast the golden skies,
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there
Thro' the thick poisons and encumber'd air,
But struck by death her flagging pinions cease,
And hence Aornus was it call'd by Greece;
Hither the priestess four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed,
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,
And in the flames the first oblations threw,
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In heav'n above and Erebus profound.

The next instance we shall produce, in which as in the former Mr. Pitt has greatly exceeded Dryden, is taken from Virgil's description of Elysium, which, says Mr. Trapp, is so charming that it is almost Elysium to read it;

" His demum exactis, perfecto munere divæ,
" Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
" Fortunatorum memorum, sedesque beatas.
" Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
" Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
" Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
" Contendunt ludo, et fulva luctantur arena:
" Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
" Necnon Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
" Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum:
" Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno."

PITT.

These rites complete they reach the flow'ry plains,
The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns;
Here glowing ether shoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day;

From ſky to ſky th' unweary'd ſplendour runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter ſuns.
Some wreſtle on the ſands, and ſome in play
And games heroick paſs the hours away;
Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance:
There Orpheus graceful in his long attire
In ſev'n diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre,
Acroſs the chords the quiv'ring quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.

DRYDEN.

Theſe holy rites perform'd they took their way,
Where long extended plains of pleaſure lay;
The verdant fields with thoſe of heav'n may vie,
With ether veſted and a purple ſky,
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below,
Stars of their own and their own ſuns they know.
Their airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
And on the green contend the wreſtler's prize:
Some in heroick verſe divinely ſing,
Others in artful meaſures lead the ring:
The Thracian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt;
His flying fingers and harmonious quill
Strike ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſev'n at once they fill.

In the celebrated deſcription of the ſwiftneſs of Camilla, in the VIIth Æneid, which Virgil has laboured with ſo much induſtry, Dryden is more equal to Pitt than in the foregoing inſtances, though we think even in this he falls ſhort of him;

" Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
" Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
" Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
" Ferret iter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas."

DRYDEN.

——The fierce virago fought——
Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields nor hurt the bearded grain;

She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.

PITT.

She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods and pinions of the wind;
Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass nor bends the golden grain,
Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps,
And smoothly skims unbath'd along the deeps.

We shall produce one passage of a very different kind from the former, that the reader may have the pleasure of making the comparison. This is the celebrated simile in the XIth book, when the fiery eagerness of Turnus panting for the battle is resembled to that of a steed, which is perhaps one of the most picturesque beauties in the whole Æneid;

"Qualis, ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinc'lis,
"Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto;
"Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum,
"Aut assuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
"Emicat; arrectisque fremit cervicibus alte
"Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos."

DRYDEN.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his wat'ring in the wellknown flood
To quench his thirst and cool his fiery blood;
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulders flows his waving main;
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

PITT.

So the gay pamper'd steed with loosen'd reins
Breaks from the stall and pours along the plains;

With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
Bathes his bright sides and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies, and tossing high his head
Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead;
At ev'ry motion o'er his neck reclin'd
Plays his redundant main and dances in the wind.

From the above specimens our readers may determine for themselves to whose translation they would give the preference. Criticks, like historians, should divest themselves of prejudice; they should never be misguided by the authority of a great name, nor yield that tribute to prescription which is only due to merit. Mr. Pitt no doubt had many advantages above Mr. Dryden in this arduous province; as he was later in the attempt he had consequently the version of Dryden to improve upon: he saw the errours of that great poet and avoided them; he discovered his beauties and improved upon them; and as he was not impelled by necessity he had leisure to revise, correct, and finish, his excellent work.

The Rev. and ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton has given to the world a complete edition of Virgil's works made English, the Æneid by Mr. Pitt, the Eclogues, Georgicks, and Notes on the whole, by himself, with some new Observations by Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Spence, and others. This is the completest English dress in which Virgil ever appeared: it is enriched with a dissertation on the VIth book of the Æneid by Warburton, on the shield of Æneas by Mr. William Whitehead, on the character of Japis by the late Dr. Atterbury Bishop of Rochester, and three Essays on pastoral, didactick, and epick, poetry by Mr. Warton.

TO GEORGE PITT, ESQ.

OF STRATFIELDSEA IN HAMPSHIRE.

SIR,

SINCE you vouchſafe to be a patron to theſe ſheets as well as to their Author, I will not make an ill uſe of the liberty you give me to addreſs you in this publick manner by running into the common topicks of Dedications. Should I venture to engage in ſuch an extenſive theme as your character the world would judge the attempt to be altogether unneceſſary, becauſe it had long before been thoroughly acquainted with your virtues; beſides, I am ſenſible that you as earneſtly decline all praiſe and panegyrick as you eminently deſerve them.

I hope, Sir, on another occaſion to preſent you with the product of my ſeverer ſtudies; in the mean-time be pleaſed to accept of this trifle as one ſmall acknowledgment of the many great favours you have beſtowed on, honoured Sir, Your obliged humble ſervant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

PREFACE.

MY tranſlation of Vida's Art of Poetry having been more favourably received than I had reaſon to expect has encouraged me to publiſh this little Miſcellany of Poems and ſelect Tranſlations. I ſhall neither embarraſs myſelf nor my reader with apologies concerning this Collection, for whether it is a good or a bad one all excuſes are unneceſſary in one caſe, and offered in vain in the other.

An author of a miſcellany has a better chance of pleaſing the world than he who writes on a ſingle ſubject, and I have ſometimes known a bad or (which is ſtill worſe) an indifferent poet meet with tolerable ſucceſs, which has been owing more to the variety of ſubjects than his happineſs in treating them.

I am ſenſible the men of wit and pleaſure will be diſguſted to find ſo great a part of this Collection conſiſt of ſacred poetry, but I aſſure theſe gentlemen, whatever they ſhall be pleaſed to object, that I ſhall never be aſhamed of employing my talents (ſuch as they are) in the ſervice of my Maker; that it would look indecent in one of my profeſſion not to ſpend as much time on the Pſalms of David as the Hymns of Callimachus; and farther, that if thoſe beautiful pieces of divine poetry had been written by Callimachus or any Heathen author, they might have poſſibly vouchſafed them a reading even in my tranſlation.

But I will not treſpaſs further on my reader's patience in proſe, ſince I ſhall have occaſion enough for it, as well as for his good-nature, in the following verſes, concerning which I muſt acquaint him that ſome of them were written ſeveral years ſince, and that I have preciſely obſerved the rule of our great maſter Horace—*Nonumque prematur in annum;* but I may ſay more juſtly than Mr. Prior ſaid of himſelf in the like caſe, that I have obſerved the letter more than the ſpirit of the precept.

1727.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT

ON HIS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Forgive th' ambitious fondneſs of a friend,
For ſuch thy worth 'tis glory to commend;
To thee from judgment ſuch applauſe is due;
I praiſe myſelf while I am praiſing you,
As he who bears the lighted torch receives
Himſelf aſſiſtance from the light he gives.
So much you pleaſe, ſo vaſt is my delight,
That ev'n thy fancy cannot reach its height:
In vain I ſtrive to make the tranſport known,
No language can deſcribe it but thy own.
Could'ſt thou thy genius pour into my heart,
Thy copious fancy, thy engaging art,
Thy vig'rous thoughts, thy manly flow of ſenſe,
Thy ſtrong and glowing paint of eloquence,
Then ſhould'ſt thou well conceive that happineſs
Which I alone can feel and you expreſs.
In ſcenes which thy invention ſets to view
Forgive me, Friend, if I loſe ſight of you;
I ſee with how much ſpirit Homer thought,
With how much judgment cooler Virgil wrote;
In ev'ry line in ev'ry word you ſpeak
I read the Roman and confeſs the Greek;
Forgetting thee my ſoul with rapture ſwell'd,
Cries out, "How much the ancient bards excell'd!"
But when thy juſt tranſlations introduce
To nearer converſe any Latian Muſe,
The ſev'ral beauties you ſo well expreſs
I loſe the Roman in the Britiſh dreſs;
Sweetly deceiv'd the Ancients I contemn,
And with miſtaken zeal to thee exclaim,

(By ſo much nature ſo much art betray'd)
"What vaſt improvements have our Moderns made!"
  How vain and unſucceſsful ſeems the toil
To raiſe ſuch precious fruits in foreign ſoil!
They mourn, tranſplanted to another coaſt,
Their beauties languid and their flavour loſt:
But ſuch thy art, the rip'ning colours glow
As pure as thoſe their native ſuns beſtow,
Not an inſipid beauty only yield,
But breathe the odours of Auſonia's field:
Such is the genuine flavour, it belies
Their ſtranger ſoil and unacquainted ſkies.
  Vida no more the long oblivion fears
Which hid his virtues thro' a length of years;
Ally'd to thee he lives again; thy rhymes
Shall friendly hand him down to lateſt times,
Shall do his injur'd reputation right,
While in thy work with ſuch ſucceſs unite
His ſtrength of judgment and his charms of ſpeech,
That precepts pleaſe and muſick ſeems to teach.
  Leſt unimprov'd I ſeem to read thee o'er
Th' unhallow'd rapture I indulge no more;
By thee inſtructed I the taſk forſake,
Nor for chaſte love the luſt of verſe miſtake;
Thy works that rais'd this phrenſy in my ſoul
Shall teach the giddy tumult to control:
Warm'd as I am with ev'ry Muſe's charms,
Since the coy virgins fly my eager arms
I'll quit the work*, throw by my ſtrong deſire,
And from thy praiſe reluctantly retire.

G. RIDLEY.

* See Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of Vida.

MISCELLANIES.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WITH joy, bleſt Youth! we ſaw thee reach thy goal;
Fair was thy frame and beautiful thy ſoul;
The Graces and the Muſes came combin'd,
Theſe to adorn the body thoſe the mind:
'Twas there we ſaw the ſofteſt manners meet,
Truth, ſweetneſs, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd he flew his race; 't was quickly won;
'Twas but a ſtep, and finiſh'd when begun.
Nature herſelf ſurpris'd would add no more,
His life complete in all its parts before,
But his few years with pleaſing wonder told
By virtues not by days, and thought him old.
So far beyond his age thoſe virtues ran
That in a boy ſhe found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the ſkies,
Till at the long expenſe of anguiſh wiſe
They live to count their days by miſeries.
Thoſe win the prize who ſooneſt run the race,
And life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt ſpace.
So to the convex glaſs embody'd run
Drawn to a point the glories of the ſun;
At once the gathering beams intenſely glow,
And thro' the ſtraighten'd circle fiercely flow;
In one ſtrong flame conſpire the blended rays,
Run to a fire and crowd into a blaze.

A POEM ON THE DEATH

OF THE LATE EARL STANHOPE,

Humbly inscribed to the

COUNTESS OF STANHOPE.

"At length, grim Fate! thy dreadful triumphs cease,
"Lock up the tomb and seal the grave in peace."

Now from thy riot of destruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues thou tyrant Death!
Too mean 's the conquest which thy arms bestow,
Too mean to sweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all mankind in one,
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave!
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring crime
A blank in nature and a pause in time;
He stood so high in reason's tow'ring sphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear;
In arms and eloquence like Cæsar shone,
So bright that each Minerva was his own.
How could so vast a fund of learning lie
Shut up in such a short mortality?
One world of science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious son he wept for more.
And now resign'd to tears th' angelick choirs
With drooping heads unstring their golden lyres,

Wrapt in a cloud of grief they ſigh to view
Their ſacred image laid by death ſo low,
And deep in anguiſh ſunk on Stanhope's fate
Begin to doubt their own immortal ſtate.
But hold my Muſe! thy mournful tranſport errs;
Hold here, and liſten to Lucinda's tears.
While thy vain ſorrows echo to his tomb
Behold a ſight that ſtrikes all ſorrow dumb;
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears and beautiful in grief:
Shall then in vain thoſe ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
Dreſt up in all the elegance of wo,
And ſhall the kind officious Muſe forbear
To anſwer ſigh for ſigh and tell out tear for tear?
Oh no! at ſuch a melancholy ſcene
The poet echoes back her woes again:
Each weeping Muſe ſhould miniſter relief
From all the moving eloquence of grief;
Each like a Niobe his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears or harden into ſtone,
From dark obſcurity his virtues ſave,
And like pale ſpectres hover round his grave;
With them the marble ſhould due meaſures keep,
Relent at ev'ry ſigh, at ev'ry accent weep.
Britannia! mourn thy hero, nor refuſe
To vent the ſighs and ſorrows with the Muſe:
Oh! let thy riſing groans load ev'ry wind,
Nor let one ſluggiſh accent lag behind:

Thy heavy fate with juſtice to deplore
Convey a gale of ſighs from ſhore to ſhore:
And thou her guardian angel, widely ſpread
Thy golden wings and ſhield the mighty dead;
Brood o'er his aſhes and illuſtrious duſt,
And ſooth with care the venerable ghoſt:
To guard the nobler relicks leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite iſle;
Around his ſilent tomb thy ſtation keep,
And with thy ſiſter-angel learn to weep.
Ye ſons of Albion! o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with ſtreams of tears his ſacred urn:
His wondrous virtues ſtretch'd to diſtant ſhores
Demand all Europe's tears as well as yours.
Nature cann't bring in ev'ry period forth
A finiſh'd hero of exalted worth
Whoſe godlike genius, tow'ring and ſublime,
Muſt long lie rip'ning in the womb of Time.
Before a Stanhope enters on the ſtage,
The birth of years and labour of an age,
In field and council born the palm to ſhare,
His voice a ſenate as his ſword a war,
And each illuſtrious action of his life
Conſpire to form the patriot and the chief,
On either ſide unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.
Stand out and witneſs this unhappy Spain;
Lift up to view the mountains of thy ſlain;

Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear
When Stanhope rous'd the thunder of the war,
With what fierce tumults of ſevere delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight,
How he the dreadful front of Death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe and laid the battle waſte.
Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hov'ring tumult where to ſtorm?
Did not his ſword thro' legions cleave his way,
Break their dark ſquadrons and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Puſh Conqueſt on and bring her bleeding back,
Throw wide the ſcenes of horrour and deſpair,
The tide of conflict and the ſtream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boaſt his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glitt'ring ſtreams and liquid ore
Lie undiſtinguiſh'd in a flood of gore:
Bid his charg'd waves and loaded billows ſweep
Thy ſlaughter'd thouſands to the frighted deep.
Confeſs, fair Albion! how the liſt'ning throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue;
In the ſage council ſeat him, and confeſs
Thy arm in war thy oracle in peace;
How here triumphant too his nervous ſenſe
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence,
The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his ſide,

Fix'd on his ſov'reign's head the nodding crown,
And propp'd the tott'ring baſis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And ſtood the publick Atlas of the ſtate.
  Sound the loud trumpet, let the ſolemn knell
Bid with due horrour his great ſoul farewell;
Tune ev'ry martial inſtrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war;
Let each ſad hero in proceſſion go
And ſwell the vaſt ſolemnity of wo;
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypreſs leave,
And with freſh laurels ſtrew the warriour's grave,
There they ſhall riſe in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory and bloom with fame.
  Lo! from his azure throne old Father Thames
Sighs thro' his floods and groans from all his ſtreams,
O'er his full urn he droops his rev'rend head,
And ſinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the ſad pomp proceeds along his ſides
O'ercharg'd with ſorrow pant his heaving tides;
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn
With ſtreams of tears the god ſupplies his urn,
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his wo.
  But ſee, my Muſe! if yet thy raviſh'd ſight
Can bear that blaze, that ruſhing ſtream, of light,
Where the great hero's diſencumber'd ſoul
Springs from the earth to reach her native pole;

Boldly ſhe quits th' abandon'd caſk of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' ethereal way,
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and ſnow,
And leaves heav'n's ſtormy magazines below;
Thence thro' the vaſt profound of heav'n ſhe flies
And meaſures all the concave of the ſkies,
Sees where the planetary worlds advance
Orb above orb, and lead the ſtarry dance;
Nor reſts ſhe there, but with a bolder flight
Explores the undiſcover'd realms of light,
Where the fix'd orbs to deck the ſpangled pole
In ſtate around their gaudy axles roll;
Thence his aſpiring courſe in triumph ſteers
Beyond the golden circles of the ſpheres
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, the ſeat divine,
Where Nature never drew her mighty line,
A region that excludes all time and place,
And ſhuts creation from th' unbounded ſpace,
Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
And ſee the ſun ten thouſand worlds below,
So far from our inferiour orbs disjoin'd
The tir'd imagination pants behind;
Then ceaſe thy painful flight, nor venture more
Where never Muſe has ſtretch'd her wing before;
Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain
That throw thee flutt'ring back to earth again.
On earth a while, bleſt Shade! thy thoughts employ,
And ſteal one moment from eternal joy;

While there in heav'n immortal ſongs inſpire
Thy golden ſtrings and tremble on the lyre
Which raiſe to nobler ſtrains th' angelick choir,
Look down with pity on a mortal's lays
Who ſtrives in vain to reach thy boundleſs praiſe,
Who with low verſe profanes thy ſacred name,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of thy fame,
Thy fame, which like thyſelf is mounted high,
Wide as thy heav'n and lofty as thy ſky.
And thou his pious conſort here below,
Laviſh of grief and prodigal of wo,
Oh! choke thy griefs, thy riſing ſighs ſuppreſs,
Nor let thy ſorrows violate his peace:
This rage of anguiſh that diſdains relief
Dims his bright joys with ſome allay of grief.
Look on his deareſt pledge he left behind,
And ſee how Nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind.
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair ſucceſſion to adorn the ſon!
The laſt beſt hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at laſt by Briton may be found
To dry her tears and cloſe her bleeding wound:
And if the Muſe thro' future times can ſee,
Fair Youth! thy father ſhall revive in thee;
Thou ſhalt the wond'ring nation's hopes engage,
To riſe the Stanhope of the future age.

ON THE KING's RETURN

IN THE YEAR 1720.

RETURN, auſpicious Prince! again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has ſhe deplor'd
Her abſent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious Monarch's mind
She ſends her ſighs in ev'ry wind:
Can Britain's pray'r be thrown aſide,
And that the firſt he e'er deny'd?

Yet, mighty Prince! vouchſafe to ſmile;
Return and bleſs our longing iſle,
Tho' fond Germania begs thy ſtay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Tho' Belgia would our King detain
We know ſhe begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious King prefers
Britannia's happineſs to her's.

And lo! to ſave us from deſpair
At length he liſtens to our pray'r;
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And haſtes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their King away
Once more their longing eyes to bleſs
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know while Brunſwick fills the throne
The ſeaſons glide with pleaſure on,
The Britiſh ſuns improve their rays,
Adorn and beautify the days.

But ſee, the royal veſſel flies
Leſs'ning to Belgia's weeping eyes;
She proudly ſails for Albion's ſhores;
Guard her, ye Gods! with all your pow'rs.

O Sea! bid ev'ry wave ſubſide,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in ſubjection keep,
And own the Monarch of the deep.

Old Thames can ſcarce his joy ſuſtain,
But runs down headlong to the main
His mighty maſter to deſcry,
And leaves his ſpacious channel dry.

'Auguſta's ſons from either hand
Pour forth and darken all the ſtrand;
Their eyes purſue the royal barge,
Which now reſigns her ſacred charge.

Th' unruly tranſport ſhakes the ſhore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the ſight rejoice,
And ſend their ſouls in ev'ry voice.

But now amidſt the loud applauſe
With ſhame the conſcious Muſe withdraws,
Nor can her voice be heard amidſt the throng,
The theme ſo lofty and ſo low the ſong.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

"Si Natura negat, facit indignatio verſum."

Well—we have reach'd the precipice at laſt,
The preſent age of vice obſcures the paſt:
Our dull forefathers were content to ſtay,
Nor ſinn'd till nature pointed out the way;
No arts they practis'd to foreſtall delight,
But ſtopp'd to wait the calls of appetite:
Their top debauches were at beſt preciſe,
An unimprov'd ſimplicity of vice.
But this bleſt age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their anceſtors had trod:
Nay, we could wear (our taſte ſo very nice is)
Their old caſt-faſhions ſooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But Maſquerades refine upon the ſin,

An higher taste to wickedness impart,
And second nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleasure we devise,
Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise:
The stealth and frolick give a smarter gust,
Add wit to vice and elegance to lust.
In vain the modish evil to redress
At once conspire the pulpit and the press:
Our priests and poets preach and write in vain;
All satire's lost both sacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart
Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art,
Where lost in one promiscuous whim we see
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree,
Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down
And take up ev'ry person but their own;
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tiewigs and lords in Harlequins,
Troops of right honourable porters come,
And garter'd small-coal merchants crowd the room,
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacquies of state and footmen with a star,
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimneysweepers drive their coach-and-six;
Statesmen so us'd at court the mask to wear
With less disguise assume the vizor here;
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own person is his best disguise,

PAGE NO- 31, 32 MISSING IN ORIGINAL

'Tis thine the paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis her's with wit and eaſe
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.

Then be to her the prize decreed
Whoſe merit has prevail'd,
For what male poet can ſucceed,
If Rocheſter has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit
In his high wiſdom to impoſe
A Salique law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care
e Priors, Popes, and Gays!
is hard——but let the women wear
e breeches and the bays.

A PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

NTEELS! of old pert Prologues led the way
uide, defend, and uſher in the play,
wder'd footmen run before the coach,
thunder at the door my lord's approach:

But tho' they ſpeak your entertainment near
Moſt Prologues ſpeed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid ſtomach they excite,
And oft'ner pall than raiſe the appetite.
As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The Prologue craves your mercy for the player;
That is, your money—for by Jove I ſwear
White-gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Haſp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I moſt ſhrewdly fear we ſhall depart
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.
With pride inverted and fantaſtick pow'r
We ſtrut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour,
While duns our emperours and heroes fear,
And Cleomenes * ſtarves in earneſt here.
The mightieſt kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen pence a-day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæſars cann't command a groat:
Our Scipios, Hannibals, and Pompeys, break,
And Cleopatra ſhifts but once a-week.
To aggravate the caſe we have not one
Of all the new refinements of the Town;
No moving ſtatues, no lewd Harlequins,
No paſteboard-players, no heroes in machines,
No roſin to flaſh lightning—'Twould exhauſt us
To buy a devil and a Doctor Fauſtus.

* The Spartan Hero, a tragedy by Mr. Dryden.

No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exerciſe your eyes and ſpare your ears;
No paper-ſeas, no thunder from the ſkies,
No witches to deſcend, no ſtage to riſe;
Scarce one for us the actors—We can ſet
Nothing before you but mere ſenſe and wit,
A bare downright old-faſhion'd Engliſh feaſt,
Such as true Britons only can digeſt,
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve,
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dreſt
When Otway, Lee, and Shakeſpeare, rang'd the feaſt.

THE FABLE OF

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A Hapleſs youth, whom fates averſe had drove
To a ſtrange paſſion and prepoſterous love,
Long'd to poſſeſs his Puſs's ſpotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimſies Love inveigles men!
Sure if the boy was ever blind 't was then:
Rack'd with his paſſion, and in deep deſpair,
The youth to Venus thus addreſt his prayer:
"O queen of Beauty! ſince thy Cupid's dart
"Has fir'd my ſoul and rankles in my heart,
"Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame
"From thee at leaſt a remedy I claim.

"If once to blefs Pygmalion's longing arms
"The marble foften'd into living charms,
"And warm with life the purple current ran
"In circling ftreams thro' ev'ry flinty vein,
"If with his own creating hands difplay'd
"He hugg'd the ftatue and embrac'd a maid,
"And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
"The pride of nature and the boaft of art,
"Hear my requeft, and crown my wondrous flame;
"The fame its nature be thy gift the fame;
"Give me the like unufual joys to prove,
"And tho' irregular indulge my love."
Delighted Venus heard the moving pray'r,
And foon refolv'd to eafe the lover's care,
To fet Mifs Tabby off with ev'ry grace,
To drefs and fit her for the youth's embrace.
Now fhe by gradual change her form forfook;
Firft her round face an oval figure took,
The roguifh dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whifker foften'd to a fmile;
Unufual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her folemn purring dwindled to a figh;
Sudden a huge hoop-petticoat difplay'd }
A wide circumference entrench'd the maid, }
And for the tail in waving circles play'd: }
Her fur, as deftin'd ftill her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff a tippet for her neck.
In the fine lady now her fhape was loft,
And by fuch ftrange degrees fhe grew a toaft;

PAGE NO- 37 TO 44 MISSING IN ORIGINAL

O'er her gay ſcenes and op'ning beauties run,
While all the vaſt creation is our own;
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the ſolemn empire of the Night,
And in her ſober majeſty the Moon
With milder glories mounts her ſilver throne,
Amidſt ten thouſand orbs with ſplendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around,
Thro' the long levell'd tube our ſtrengthen'd ſight
Shall mark diſtinct the ſpangles of the night,
From world to world ſhall dart the boundleſs eye,
And ſtretch from ſtar to ſtar, from ſky to ſky.
The buzzing inſect-families appear
When ſuns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the ev'ning bow'r,
Hoſts of a day or nations of an hour:
Aſtoniſh'd we ſhall ſee th' unfolding race
Stretch'd out in bulk within the poliſh'd glaſs,
Thro' whoſe ſmall convex a new world we ſpy
Ne'er ſeen before but by a ſeraph's eye.
So long in darkneſs ſhut from humankind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd;
But in one peopled drop we now ſurvey
In pride of pow'r ſome little monſter play,
O'er tribes inviſible he reigns alone,
And ſtruts a tyrant of a world his own.
Now will we ſtudy Homer's awful page,
Now warm our ſouls with Pindar's noble rage;

To Engliſh lays ſhall Flaccus' lyre be ſtrung,
And lofty Virgil ſpeak the Britiſh tongue;
Immortal Virgil! at thy ſacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aſpire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire,
The next purſue the raſh attempt no more
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore:
By thy ſtrong genius overcome and aw'd,
That fire from heav'n, that ſpirit of a god!
Pleas'd and tranſported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend,
And from my firſt deſign by rapture led
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

THE MIMICK.

The Mimick's ductile features claim my lays,
Chang'd to a thouſand ſhapes a thouſand ways,
Who with variety of arts puts on
All other perſons and throws off his own,
Whoſe looks well diſciplin'd his will obey,
Bloom at command, or at command decay;
Nor bluſh my Muſe thoſe changes to impart
Which aſk an Ovid's or Apollo's art.
  But who, Apollo, all the arts can trace,
All the deceits, of that deluſive face?
For lo! in ſight the various artiſt comes,
Lo! how in beauty and in health he blooms;

Its ſmootheſt charms triumphant youth ſupplies,
Laughs in his cheeks and ſparkles in his eyes:
But ſudden ſee the ſcene is ſnatch'd away,
See each inverted feature in decay,
His muſcles all relax'd, his face o'ergrown,
Rough and emboſs'd with wrinkles not his own.
 He trails his dangling legs; the wond'ring train
Laugh at the ſolemn conduct of his cane;
Rapt thro' the ſcenes of life he drops his prime,
A cripple ſixty years before his time,
Runs in a moment all his ſtages o'er,
And ſteps from four-and-twenty to fourſcore.
 Now he a venerable judge appears,
And the long garb of lazy purple wears;
Like drowſy P**'s looks his aged frame,
His mien, his habit, and addreſs, the ſame:
When to the ſneering crowd he liſps a joke
Puns from the law or quibbles out of Coke;
With ſettled air and moſt judicious face
Nods o'er the cuſhion, counſel, and the caſe;
Slumbers, and hears by ſtarts the noiſy train,
Catches a period and drops down again.
And now his hearers in their turn to lull
Himſelf ſtands up moſt venerably dull,
Talks of old times, commends their loyal zeal,
Their wholeſome ſtatutes, diſcipline, and ale,
On diff'rent themes beſtows one common praiſe,
The Thames, the ſtreets, the king, and king's high-
ways.

You see him quit the bench, and straight appear
An huge old gouty counsel at the bar,
Bawl for his client, wrest the tortur'd laws
From their true sense and mould them to the cause,
In solemn form harangue the list'ning crowd,
And hem and cough emphatically loud:
Blest art indeed, and glorious eloquence,
Where empty noise supplies the want of sense!
For meaning signs and motions he affords,
And interjections for the want of words.
What shape to you O S**s is unknown!
What face but you adopt into your own!
At the least hint fictitious crowds you raise,
And multiply yourself ten thousand ways:
This moment to indulge the mirthful vein
A fool's or doctor's person you sustain,
The next resume yourself and sense again.
Am I deceiv'd? or by some sudden sleight
A starch'd tubpreacher now he strikes the sight,
(Quick the transition, and unseen the art!)
Pale and entirely chang'd in ev'ry part
His shorten'd visage and fantastick dress
The mad fanatick to the life express;
That small silk cap, those puritanick hairs,
Cropt to the quick and circling round his ears,
That rounded face, the Mimick here proclaim,
How very diff'rent, yet how still the same!
Now he by just degrees his silence breaks,
His frantick silence, mutt'ring ere he speaks;

Protracted hums the folemn farce begin,
And groans and paufes interrupt the fcene;
As each in juft fucceffion comes and goes,
Work'd to its pitch the fpirit ftronger grows,
And fqueezes out his eyes and twangs his vocal nofe:
Now quick and rapid, and in rage more loud,
A ftorm of nonfenfe burfts upon the crowd;
His hand and voice proclaim the gen'ral doom,
While this the hourglafs fhakes and that the room;
On Nature's ruins all his doctrines dwell,
And throw wide open ev'ry gate of hell.
A thoufand other fhapes he wears with grace,
A thoufand more varieties of face:
But who in ev'ry fhape can count him o'er
Who multiplies his perfon ev'ry hour?
What Mufe his flying features can purfue,
Or keep his wand'ring countenance in view?
Had I a thoufand mouths, a thoufand tongues,
A throat of brafs, and adamantine lungs,
I could not celebrate this Proteus' fkill
Who fhifts his perfon and his face at will;
This Proteus, who outnumbers hofts alone,
A crowd himfelf, a multitude in one.

ON THE APPROACHING

CONGRESS OF CAMBRAY.

Written in 1721.

Ye Patriots of the world! whoſe cares combin'd
Conſult the publick welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait
And Europe in ſuſpenſe attend her fate,
Which turns on your great councils, nor refuſe
To hear the ſtrains of the prophetick Muſe,
Who ſees thoſe councils with a gen'rous care
Heal the wide wounds and calm the rage of war,
She ſees new verdure all the plain o'erſpread
Where the fight burn'd and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a ſofter ſcene diſcloſe,
And Ceres ſmiles where iron harveſts roſe;
The bleating flocks along the baſtion paſs,
And from the awful ruins crop the graſs;
Freed from his fears each unmoleſted ſwain
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain,
Turns the high bulwark and aſpiring mound,
And ſees the camp with all the ſeaſons crown'd:
Beneath each clod bright burniſh'd arms appear,
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war,
The fields reſound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen falchion rings againſt the rake;
At reſt beneath the hanging ramparts laid
He ſings ſecurely in the dreadful ſhade.

Hark!—o'er the ſeas the Britiſh Lions roar
Their monarch's fame to ev'ry diſtant ſhore;
Swift on their canvaſs wings his navies go
Wherever tides can roll or winds can blow;
Their ſails within the Arctick Circle riſe,
Led by the ſtars that gild the northern ſkies,
Tempt frozen ſeas, nor fear the driving blaſt,
But ſwell exulting o'er the hoary waſte,
O'er the wide ocean hold ſupreme command,
And active commerce ſpread thro' ev'ry land,
Or with full pride to ſouthern regions run
To diſtant worlds on t' other ſide the ſun,
And plough the tides where odoriferous gales
Perfume the ſmiling waves and ſtretch the bellying ſails.
See the proud merchant ſeek the precious ſhore
And trace the winding veins of glitt'ring ore;
Low in the earth his wond'ring eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal rip'ning into gold;
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And caſt at once a ſhadow and a blaze;
Streak'd o'er with gold the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the ſoil and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize his veſſels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.
Fair Concord hail! thy wings o'er Brunſwick ſpread,
And with thy olives crown his laurell'd head:
Come, in thy moſt diſtinguiſh'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron gates of war.

The fight stands still when Brunswick bids it cease,
The monarch speaks and gives the world a peace,
Like awful Justice sits superiour lord
To poise the balance or to draw the sword,
In due suspense the jarring realms to keep,
And hush the tumults of the world to sleep.
Now with a brighter face and nobler ray
Shine forth, thou source of light and god of Day;
Say, didst thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more distinguish'd year?
Thro' all thy journies past thou canst not see
A perfect image of what this shall be:
Scarce the Platonick year shall this renew
Or keep the bright original in view.

AN EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A STONE THAT COVERS HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

Ye sacred Spirits! while your friends distrest
Weep o'er your ashes and lament the blest,
O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
And with the gen'ral sorrows mix her own!
The pensive Muse—who from this mournful hour
Shall raise her voice and wake the string no more.
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive,
'Tis all a brother all a son can give.

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL,

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER.

Beneath this ſtone the world's juſt wonder lies,
Who while on earth had rang'd the ſpacious ſkies,
Around the ſtars his active ſoul had flown,
And ſeen their courſes finiſh'd ere his own;
Now he enjoys thoſe realms he could explore,
And finds that heav'n he knew ſo well before. 6
He thro' more worlds his victory purſu'd
Than the brave Greek could wiſh to have ſubdu'd;
In triumph ran one vaſt creation o'er,
Then ſtopp'd—for Nature could afford no more.
With Cæſar's ſpeed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd.

TO SIR JAMES THORNHILL;

ON HIS EXCELLENT PAINTING, THE RAPE OF HELEN, AT THE SEAT OF GENERAL ERLE IN DORSETSHIRE.

Written in the year 1718.

Could I with thee, O Thornhill! bear a part,
And join the poet's with the painter's art,
(Tho' both ſhare mutually each common name,
Their thoughts, their genius, and deſign, the ſame)
The Muſe with features neither weak nor faint
Should draw her ſiſter-art in ſpeaking paint;
But while admiring thine and nature's ſtrife
I ſee each touch juſt ſtarting into life,
From ſide to ſide with various raptures toſt
Amid the viſionary ſcenes I'm loſt.
Methinks as thrown upon ſome Fairy land
Amaz'd we know not how nor where we ſtand,
While tripping phantoms to the ſight advance
And gay ideas lead the mazy dance,
While wond'ring we behold in ev'ry part
The beauteous ſcenes of thy creating art.
By ſuch degrees thy colours riſe and fall,
And breathing fluſh the animated wall,
That the bright objects which our eyes ſurvey
Raviſh the mind and ſteal the ſoul away;
Our footſteps by ſome ſecret pow'r are croſt,
And in the painter all the bard is loſt.

Thus in a magick ring we ſtand confin'd
While ſubtle ſpells the fatal circle bind;
In vain we ſtrive and labour to depart,
Fix'd by the charms of that myſterious art;
In vain the paths and avenues we trace
While ſpirits guard and fortify the place.
How could my ſtretch'd imagination ſwell,
And on each regular proportion dwell!
While thy ſwift art unravels Nature's maze,
And imitates her works and treads her ways,
Nature with wonder ſees herſelf outdone,
And claims thy fair creation for her own:
Thy figures in ſuch lively ſtrokes excel
They give thoſe paſſions which they ſeem to feel;
Each various feature ſome ſtrong impulſe bears,
Wraps us in joy or melts us all to tears;
Each piece with ſuch tranſcendent art is wrought
That we could almoſt ſay thy pictures thought:
When we behold thee conquer in the ſtrife,
And ſtrike the kindling figures into life,
Which does from thy creating pencil paſs,
Warm the dull matter and inſpire the maſs,
As fam'd Prometheus' wand convey'd the ray
Of heav'nly fire to animate his clay.
How the juſt ſtrokes in harmony unite!
How ſhades and darkneſs recommend the light!
No lineaments unequally ſurpriſe,
The beauties regularly fall and riſe;

Loſt in each other we in vain purſue
The fleeting lines that cheat our weary'd view,
Nor know we how their ſubtle courſes run,
Nor where this ended nor where that begun,
Nor where the ſhades their utmoſt bounds diſplay,
Or the light fades inſenſibly away,
But all harmoniouſly confus'd we ſee,
While all the ſweet varieties agree.
Thus when the organ's ſolemn airs aſpire
The blended muſick wings our thoughts with fire;
Here warbling notes in whiſp'ring breezes ſigh,
But in their birth the tender accents die;
While thence the bolder notes exulting come,
Swell as they fly, and bound along the dome,
With tranſport fir'd each loſt in each we hear,
And all the ſoul is centred in the ear.
See firſt the ſenate of the gods above
Frequent and full amid the courts of Jove;
Behold the radiant conſiſtory ſhine
With features, airs, and lineaments, divine;
Hermes diſpatch'd from the bright council flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the liquid ſkies;
In many a whirl and rapid circle driv'n
So ſwift, he ſeems at once in earth and heav'n:
Oh! with what energy, what noble force,
Of ſtrongeſt colours you deſcribe his courſe!
Till the ſwift god the Phrygian ſhepherd found
Compos'd for ſleep and ſtretch'd along the ground.

He brings the blooming gold, the fatal prize,
The bright reward of Cytherea's eyes;
The conſcious earth the awful ſignal takes,
Without a wind the quiv'ring foreſt ſhakes,
Tall Ida bows, th' unwieldy mountains nod,
And all confeſs the preſence of the god.
Like ſhooting meteors gliding from above
See the proud conſort of the thund'ring Jove,
War's glorious goddeſs, and the queen of Love,
Arm'd in their naked charms; the Phrygian boy
Regards thoſe charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno ſtands with an imperial mien,
At once confeſt a goddeſs and a queen;
Her cheeks a ſcornful indignation warms,
Blots out her ſmiles, as conſcious of her charms:
But Venus ſhines in milder beauties there,
And ev'ry grace adorns the blooming fair,
While conſcious of her charms ſhe ſeems to riſe,
Claims and already graſps in hope the prize;
Beauteous as when immortal Phidias ſtrove
From Parian rocks to carve the queen of Love;
Each Grace obey'd the ſummons of his art,
And a new beauty ſprung from ev'ry part:
In all the terrours of her beauty bright
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's ſight,
And gives ſucceſſive rev'rence and delight.
Nor thrones nor victories his ſoul can move:
owns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?

Too ſoon reſign'd to Venus they behold
The glitt'ring ball of vegetable gold,
While Jove's proud conſort, thrown from her deſires,
Inflam'd with rage maliciouſly retires,
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate;
While a new tranſport fluſh'd the blooming boy
Helen he ſeems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that muſt conſume his Troy.
Another ſcene our wond'ring ſight recalls,
The fair adult'reſs leaves her native walls;
Her cheeks are ſtain'd with mingled ſhame and joy,
Lull'd on the boſom of the Phrygian boy.
To the loud deeps he bears his charming ſpouſe,
Freed from her lord and from her former vows:
On their ſoft wings the whiſp'ring zephirs play,
The breezes ſkim along the dimpled ſea,
The wanton Loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the ſhrowds and flutter in the ſails,
While her Twin-brothers* with a gracious ray
Point out her courſe along the wat'ry way.
Th' exalted ſtrokes ſo delicately ſhine,
All ſo conſpire to puſh the bold deſign,
That in each ſprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the maſter's mind,
As the ſtrong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to ſhade and ripen into light.

* Caſtor and Pollux.

Let others form with care the ruddy maſs,
And torture into life the running braſs,
With potent art the breathing ſtatue mould,
Shape and inſpire the animated gold;
Let others ſenſe to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill! to unite
The pleaſing diſcord of the ſhade and light,
To vanquiſh Nature in the gen'rous ſtrife,
And touch the glowing features into life.
But, Thornhill! would thy noble ſoul impart
One laſting inſtance of thy godlike art
To future times, and in thy fame engage
The praiſe of this and ev'ry diſtant age,
To ſtretch that art as far as it can go
Draw the triumphant chief and vanquiſh'd foe;
In his own dome, amid the ſpacious walls,
Draw the deep ſquadrons of the routed Gauls,
Their raviſh'd banners and their arms reſign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind,
Pours on their front or hangs upon their rear,
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war;
Let his ſtrong courſer champ his golden chain
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain;
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Creſſy yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramilia's field.
Next on the ſea the daring hero ſhow
To cheer his friends and terrify the foe;

Lo! the great chief to famiſh'd thouſands bears
The food of armies and ſupport of wars:
The Britons ruſh'd, with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or glorioully expir'd;
Plunging thro' flames and floods, their valour broke
O'er the rang'd cannon and a night of ſmoke,
Thro' the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil
To ſpend their thunder on the tow'rs of Liſle,
While by his deeds their courage he inſpires,
And wakes in ev'ry breaſt the ſleeping fires:
Thus the whole ſeries of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgick ocean to the Boyne.
  Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble deed,
And in recording colours with delight
Review his conqueſts and enjoy the fight,
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.
  Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read
How ſtern Achilles rag'd and Hector bled,
But half unſheath'd his ſword and gript his ſhield,
When he amidſt the ſcene himſelf beheld
Thund'ring on Simois' banks or battling in the [field.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. ED. YOUNG,

AT EASTBURY IN DORSETSHIRE, ON THE REVIEW AT SARUM, 1722.

While with your Doddington retir'd you ſit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit,

By turns relieving with the circling draught
Each pause of chat and interval of thought,
Or thro' the well-glaz'd tube, from bus'ness freed,
Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed,
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrug's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome,
(While busy fancy with imagin'd pow'r
Builds up the work of ages in an hour)
Or lost in thought contemplative you rove
Thro' op'ning vistas and the shady grove,
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the seasons in a spot of ground
There if you exercise your tragick rage
To bring some hero on the British stage,
Whose cause the audience with applause will crown,
And make his triumphs or his tears their own,
Throw by the bold design, and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs and monarchs of an hour;
From fabled worthies call thy Muse to sing
Of real wonders and Britannia's king.
Oh! hadst thou seen him when the gathering train
Fill'd up proud Sarum's wide extended plain,
Then when he stoop'd from awful majesty,
Put on the man and laid the sov'reign by,
When the glad nations saw their king appear
Begirt with armies and the pride of war,
More pleas'd his people's longing eyes to bless,
He look'd and breath'd benevolence and peace,

When in his hand Britannia's awful lord
Held forth the olive while he grasp'd the sword:
So Jove, tho' arm'd to blast the Titans' pride,
With all his burning thunders at his side,
Fram'd while he terrify'd the distant foe
His scheme of blessings for the world below.
This hadst thou seen thy willing Muse would raise
Her strongest wing to reach her sov'reign's praise.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb
The theme so great the poet so sublime!
I saw him, Young, and to these ravish'd eyes
Ev'n now his godlike figure seems to rise;
Mild yet majestick was the monarch's mien,
Lovely tho' great, and awful tho' serene,
(More than a coin or picture can unfold,
Too faint the colours and too base the gold!)
At the blest sight, transported and amaz'd,
One universal shout the thousands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd.
His foes (if any) own the monarch's cause,
And chang'd their groundless clamours to applause;
Ev'n giddy Faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wond'ring Envy look'd her rage away.
As Ceres o'er the globe her chariot drew,
And harvest ripen'd where the goddess flew,
So where his gracious footsteps he inclin'd
Peace flew before and Plenty march'd behind.
Where wild affliction rages he appears
To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears;

The ſons of miſery before him bow,
And for their merit only plead their wo.
So well he loves the publick liberty
His mercy ſets the private captive free.
Soon as our royal angel came in view
The priſons burſt, the ſtarting hinges flew,
The dungeons open'd and reſign'd their prey
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day;
The chains drop off; the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanacled in praiſe and pray'r.
Had thus victorious Cæſar ſought to pleaſe,
And rul'd the vanquiſh'd world with arts like theſe,
The gen'rous Brutus had not ſcorn'd to bend,
But ſunk the rigid patriot in the friend,
Nor to that bold exceſs of virtue ran
To ſtab the monarch where he lov'd the man;
And Cato reconcil'd had ne'er diſdain'd
To live a ſubject where a Brunſwick reign'd.
But I detain your nobler Muſe too long
From the great theme that mocks my humble ſong,
A theme that aſks a Virgil or a Young.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

The theme in other works for ev'ry part
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter is ſublimely great,
But gods and poets only can create;

And ſuch are you, their privilege you claim
To ſhow your wonders but conceal your name.
Like ſome eſtabliſh'd king, without control
You take a gen'ral progreſs thro' the ſoul,
Survey each part, examine ev'ry ſide,
Where ſhe 's ſecure and where unfortify'd,
In faithful lines her hiſtory declare,
And trace the cauſes of her civil war:
Your pen no partial prejudices ſway,
But truth decides and virtue wins the day.
Thro' what gay fields and flow'ry ſcenes we paſs
Where fancy ſports and fiction leads the chaſe!
Where life, as thro' her various acts ſhe tends,
Like other comedies in marriage ends.
What Muſe but your's ſo juſtly could diſplay
Th' embattled paſſions marſhall'd in array,
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give luſt a figure and a ſhape to love,
To airy notions ſolid forms diſpenſe,
And make our thoughts the images of ſenſe,
Diſcover all the rational machine,
And ſhow the movements, ſprings, and wheels, within?
But Hymen waves his torch, all diſcords ceaſe,
All parly, drop their arms, and ſue for peace;
Soon as the ſignal flames they quit the fight,
For all at firſt but differ'd to unite:
From ev'ry part the lines in order move,
And ſweetly centre in the point of love.

Let blockheads to the mufty fchools repair,
And poach for morals and the paffions there,
Where Virtue like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words and manacled in terms,
Serves to amufe the philofophick fool
By method dry and regularly dull.
Who fees thy lines fo vifibly exprefs
The foul herfelf in fuch a pleafing drefs
May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught
How Spenfer would have fung and Plato thought.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That fouls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We muft approve the doctrine, fince we fee
The foul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius firft, then Virgil, felt her fires,
But now a Britifh poet fhe infpires.
To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary Mufe defcends.
At a vaft diftance we of Homer heard
Till you brought in and naturaliz'd the bard,
Bad him our Englifh rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air, the fame.
Now in the mighty ftranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a publick voice.
See too the poet, a majeftick fhade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurell'd head

To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby,
Who vex'd his venerable ashes more
Than his ungrateful Greece the living bard before.
  While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown
Tho' worlds contend we claim him for our own:
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail,
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream;
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And ev'ry little bosom beats for fame;
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer or to write from thee.
  In ev'ry hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of ev'ry tongue;
Parties in state poetick schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy,
Neglect their feuds, and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries' int'rests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot
How Somers counsell'd and how Marlb'rough fought,
But o'er their settling coffee bravely tell
What Nestor spoke and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire
With Glaucus' courage and Achilles' fire;
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before:

Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.
Let the mad criticks to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness, of the age;
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return.
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live and enjoy their spite, and share that fate
Which would if Homer liv'd on Homer wait.
And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope:
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms:
Then as thy fame shall see a length of days
Some future bard shall thus record thy praise:
" In those blest times when smiling Heav'n and Fate
" Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
" When wide around she saw the world submit,
" And own her sons supreme in arts and wit,
" Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
" The pride of Greece and ornament of Rome;
" To the great task each bold translator came,
" With Virgil's judgment and with Homer's flame;
" Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar
" Where scarce the Roman Eagles tow'r'd before,

"And Greece no more was Homer's native earth
"Tho' her ſev'n rival cities claim'd his birth,
"On her ſev'n cities he look'd down with ſcorn,
"And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

TO MR. SPENCE,

PREFIXED TO THE ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis done—reſtor'd by thy immortal pen
The critick's noble name revives again;
Once more that great that injur'd name we ſee
Shine forth alike in Addiſon and thee.
  Like curs our criticks haunt the poet's feaſt,
And feed on ſcraps refus'd by ev'ry gueſt;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To ſnarl in want and grumble o'er their prey.
As tho' they grudg'd themſelves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd and pleas'd againſt their will,
Such their inverted taſte, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect:
So the fell ſnake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
But ev'ry poiſon of the field devours.
  Like bold Longinus, of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his your gen'rous raptures ſtill aſpire;
The critick kindles when the bard 's on fire:
But when ſome lame ſome limping line demands
The friendly ſuccour of your healing hands,
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays and tickles while it cures the wound.

* Zoilus, ſo called by the Ancients.

While Pope's immortal labour we ſurvey
We ſtand all dazzled with exceſs of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze—To vulgar ſight
'Twas one bright maſs of undiſtinguiſh'd light,
But like the tow'ring eagle you alone
Diſcern'd the ſpots and ſplendours of the ſun.
To point out faults yet never to offend,
To play the critick yet preſerve the friend,
A life well ſpent that never loſt a day,
An eaſy ſpirit innocently gay,
A ſtrict integrity devoid of art,
The ſweeteſt manners and ſinscereſt heart,
A ſoul where depth of ſenſe and fancy meet,
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever your's—Be what you were before,
Be ſtill yourſelf; the world can aſk no more.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural ſport
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
In ev'ry other point of life we chime
Like two ſoft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praiſe a ſpacious villa to the ſky,
You a cloſe garret full five ſtories high;
I revel here in nature's vary'd ſweets,
You in the nobler ſcents of London ſtreets;

I left the court, and here at eaſe reclin'd
Am happier than the king who ſtaid behind;
Twelve ſtifling diſhes I could ſcarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgment chuſe a ſeat
But in a wholeſome, rural, ſoft retreat,
Where hills adorn the manſion they defend?
Where could he better anſwer Nature's end?
Here from the ſea the melting breezes riſe,
Unbind the ſnow and warm the wintry ſkies;
Here gentle gales the Dogſtar's heat allay,
And ſoftly breathing cool the ſultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers, and affright,
In pleaſing dreams I paſs the ſilent night!
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flow'ry field?
Can the New-River's artificial ſtreams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding ruſty pipe convey'd,
Or daſh'd and broken down a deep caſcade,
With our clear ſilver ſtreams in ſweetneſs vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by,
In dimples o'er the poliſh'd pebbles paſs,
Glide o'er the ſands or glitter thro' the graſs?
And yet in Town the country proſpects pleaſe,
Where ſtately colonades are flank'd with trees;
On a whole country looks the maſter down
With pride where ſcarce five acres are his own.

Yet Nature tho' repell'd maintains her part,
And in her turn ſhe triumphs over art;
The handmaid now may prejudice our taſte,
But the fair miſtreſs will prevail at laſt.
That man muſt ſmart at laſt whoſe puzzled ſight
Miſtakes in life falſe colours for the right,
As the poor dupe is ſure his loſs to rue
Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch whoſe frantick pride kind Fortune crowns
Grows twice as abject when the goddeſs frowns,
As he who riſes when his head turns round
Muſt tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love not grandeur, 't is a ſplendid curſe;
The more the love the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by theſe gurgling ſprings
Than ſtateſmen, courtiers, counſellors, or kings.
The ſtag expell'd the courſer from the plain;
What can he do?——he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day;
But ruin'd by ſucceſs he ſtrives in vain
To quit his maſter and the curb again.
So from the fear of want moſt wretches fly,
But loſe their nobleſt wealth, their liberty;
To their imperious paſſions they ſubmit,
Who mount, ride, ſpur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your ſhoe,
A large may wrench a ſmall one wring your toe.

Then bear your fortune in the golden mean;
Not ev'ry man is born to be a dean.
I 'll bear your jeers if ever I am known
To ſeek two cures when ſcarce I merit one.
Riches 't is true ſome ſervice may afford,
But oft'ner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I ſcorn, but keep a little ſtill
To pay my doctor's or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's ſoft romantick ſcenes I write,
Deep ſunk in eaſe, in pleaſure, and delight;
Yet tho' her gen'rous lord himſelf is here
'Twould be one pleaſure more could you appear.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

WHEN TUTOR TO LORD MIDDLESEX,

In imitation of Horace, book i. epiſt. 18.

Spence! with a friend you paſs the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a flatt'rer more
Than a chaſte lady from a flaunting whore.
'Tis true you rally'd ev'ry fault you found,
But gently tickled while you cur'd the wound;
Unlike the paltry poets of the Town,
Rogues who expoſe themſelves for half-a-crown,
And ſtill impoſe on ev'ry ſoul they meet
Rudeneſs for ſenſe and ribaldry for wit,

Who tho' half-ſtarv'd in ſpite of time and place
Repeat their rhymes tho' dinner ſtays for grace,
And as their poverty their dreſſes fit
They think of courſe a ſloven is a wit:
But ſenſe (a truth theſe coxcombs ne'er ſuſpect)
Lies juſt 'twixt affectation and neglect.
One ſtep ſtill lower if you can deſcend
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend,
That moving ſhade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, ſtill pawing on the peer;
Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord;
And tickled to the ſoul at ev'ry joke
Like a preſs'd watch repeats what t' other ſpoke:
Echo to nonſenſe! ſuch a ſcene to hear!
'Tis juſt like Punch and his interpreter.
On trifles ſome are earneſtly abſurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
What, is not ev'ry mortal free to ſpeak?
I'll give my reaſons tho' I break my neck.
And what 's the queſtion?—if it ſhines or rains,
Whether 't is twelve or fifteen miles to Staines?
The wretch reduc'd to rags by ev'ry vice,
Pride, projects, races, miſtreſſes, and dice,
The rich rogue ſhuns tho' full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good huſbandry.
'Tis ſtrange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
I'm ſure I thought you wiſer than myſelf;

Yet gives him nothing—but, advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your eſtate;
I can advance the ſum—'t is beſt for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.
A miniſter in mere revenge and ſport
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court;
The dupe for ev'ry royal birthday buys
New horſes, coaches, clothes, and liveries,
Plies at the levee, and diſtinguiſh'd there
Lives on the royal whiſper for a year;
His wenches ſhine in Bruſſels and brocade,
And now the wretch, ridiculouſly mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails;
There ruin'd by the court he ſells a vote
To the next burgeſs, as of old he bought,
Rubs down the ſteeds which once his chariot bore,
Or ſweeps the town which once he ſerv'd before.
But by this roving meteor led I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend:
Then take advice; I preach not out of time
When good Lord Middleſex is bent on rhyme.
Their humour check'd or inclination croſt
Sometimes the friendſhip of the great is loſt.
Unleſs call'd out to wench be ſure comply;
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Father's by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the beſt ven'ſon and the beſt French wine;

Nor to Lord ** make the obſervation,
How the twelve peers have anſwer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your truſt;
Be ſilent ſtill and obſtinately juſt;
Explore no ſecrets, draw no characters,
For Echo will repeat, and walls have ears;
Nor let a buſy fool a ſecret know,
A ſecret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wiſh in vain
When once diſcharg'd to call them back again.

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Defend, dear Spence! the honeſt and the civil,
But to cry up a raſcal——that 's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character 't is known
At the ſame time protects and guards his own;
For as with houſes 't is with people's names,
A ſhed may ſet a palace all on flames,
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at laſt into a gen'ral blaze.
'Tis a fine thing, ſome think, a lord to know;
I wiſh his tradeſmen could but think ſo too.
He gives his word——then all your hopes are gone;
He gives his honour——then you 're quite undone:
His and ſome women's love the ſame are found;
You raſhly board a fireſhip and are drown'd.
Moſt folks ſo partial to themſelves are grown
They hate a temper diff'ring from their own;

The grave abhor the gay, the gay the ſad,
And formaliſts pronounce the witty mad;
The ſot who drinks ſix bottles in a place
Swears at the flinchers who refuſe their glaſs.
Would you not paſs for an illnatur'd man
Comply with ev'ry humour that you can.
  Pope will inſtruct you how to paſs away
Your time like him, and never loſe a day,
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourſelf a friend,
And ſacred from the world retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.
  When to delicious Pimperne I retire
What greater bleſs, my Spence! can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy hours I ſpend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend:
There can I live upon my income ſtill
E'en tho' the Houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers' bill:
Yet to my ſhare ſhould ſome good prebend fall
I think myſelf of ſize to fill a ſtall.
For life or wealth let Heav'n my lot aſſign
A firm and even ſoul ſhall ſtill be mine.

EPISTLE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. IV. BOOK I.

DEAR SIR,

To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critick to indulge the friend,

And with moſt Chriſtian patience loſe your time
To hear me preach or peſter you with rhyme.
Here with my books or friend I ſpend the day,
But how at Kingſton paſs your hours away?
Say, ſhall we ſee ſome plan with raviſh'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature ariſe,
(A model to excel in ev'ry part
Judicious Jones or great Palladio's art)
Or ſome new bill that when the Houſe is met
Shall claim their thanks and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you ſtudy'd in the ſilent wood
The ſecret duties of the wiſe and good?
Nature who form'd you nobly crown'd the whole
With a ſtrong body and as firm a ſoul:
The praiſe is your's to finiſh ev'ry part
With all th' embelliſhments of taſte and art.
Some ſee in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new luſtre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliſs,
Or your ſurviving parent more than this?
Than ſuch a ſon——a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cauſe,
Who ſcorns all parties tho' by parties ſought,
Who greatly thinks and truly ſpeaks his thought,
With all the chaſte ſeverity of ſenſe,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence?
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted and by Cæſar fear'd:

Both he diſdain'd alike with godlike pride;
For Rome and liberty he liv'd——and dy'd.
In each perfection as you riſe ſo faſt:
Well may you think each day may be your laſt:
Uncommon worth is ſtill with Fate at ſtrife,
Still inconſiſtent with a length of life.
The future time is ever in your pow'r,
Then 't is clear gain to ſeize the preſent hour:
Break from the ſerious thought, and laugh away
In Pimperne walls one idle eaſy day,
You'll find your rhyming kinſman well in caſe,
For ever fix'd to the delicious place,
Tho' not like L——with corpulence o'ergrown,
For he has twenty cures and I but one.

HOR. B. II. EP. XIX. IMITATED.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH *.

'Tis ſaid, dear Sir! no poets pleaſe the Town
Who drink mere water tho' from Helicon,
For in cold blood they ſeldom boldly think,
Their rhymes are more inſipid than their drink;
Not great Apollo could the train inſpire
Till gen'rous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire;
Warm'd by two gods at once they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day and fuddle all the night.
Homer, ſays Horace, nods in many a place,
But hints he nodded oft'ner o'er the glaſs.

* Now Biſhop of London.

Infpir'd with wine old Ennius fung and thought
With the fame fpirit that his heroes fought;
And we from Johnfon's tavern-laws divine
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd fergeant touch the facred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better ufe;
Let the grave judges too the glafs forbear
Who never fing and dance but once a-year.
This truth once known our poets take the hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print,
To raife their flames indulge the mellow fit,
And lofe their fenfes in the fearch of wit,
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear they can write becaufe they drink like Ben.
Such mimick Swift or Prior to their coft,
For in the rafh attempt the fools are loft.
When once a genius breaks thro' common rules
He leads an herd of imitating fools.
If Pope, the prince of poets, fick a-bed
O'er ftreaming coffee bends his aking head
The fools in publick o'er the fragrant draught
Incline thofe heads that never ak'd or thought:
This muft provoke his mirth or his difdain,
Cure his complaint—or make him fick again.
I too like them the poet's path purfue,
And keep great Flaccus ever in my view,

But in a diſtant view—yet what I write
In theſe looſe ſheets muſt never ſee the light,
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
What! you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering Spence,
This year ſome new performance to the Prince:
Tho' money is your ſcorn, no doubt in time
You hope to gain ſome vacant ſtall by rhyme:
Like other poets, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.
Theſe wiſe remarks my modeſty confound,
While the laugh riſes and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a fray,
I whiſk into my coach and drive away.

ODES.

ON THE APPROACHING DELIVERY OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

In the year 1721.

AN ODE.

YE Angels! come without delay,
Britannia's Genius! come away,
Defcend ye Spirits of the fky!
Stand all ye winged Guardians by!
Your golden pinions kindly fpread,
And watch round Carolina's bed;
Here fix your refidence on earth
To haften on the glorions birth;
Her fainting fpirits to fupply
Catch all the zephirs as they fly:
Oh! fuccour nature in the ftrife,
And gently hold her up in life,
Nor let her hence too foon remove
To join your facred choirs above,
But live Britannia to adorn
With kings and princes yet unborn.

Ye Angels! come without delay,
Britannia's Genius! come away,

Aſſuage her pains and Albion's fears,
For Albion's life depends on her's;
Oh then to ſave her from deſpair
Lean down and liſten to her pray'r,
Crown all her tortures with delight,
And call th' auſpicious babe to light!
We hope from your propitious care
All that is brave or all that's fair,
A youth to match his fire in arms,
Or nymph to match her mother's charms,
A youth who over kings ſhall reign,
Or nymph whom kings ſhall court in vain:
From far the royal ſlaves ſhall come
And wait from him or her their doom,
To each their diff'rent ſuits ſhall move,
And pay their homage or their love.

Ye Angels! come without delay,
Britannia's Genius! come away;
When the ſoft pow'rs of ſleep ſubdue
Thoſe eyes that ſhine as bright as you,
With ſcenes of bliſs-tranſporting themes
Prompt and inſpire her golden dreams;
Let viſionary bleſſings riſe
And ſwim before her cloſing eyes;
The ſenſe of torture to ſubdue
Set Britain's happineſs to view,
That ſight her ſpirits will ſuſtain,
And give her pleaſure from her pain.

Ye Angels! come withou delay,
Britannia's Genius! come away;
Come and rejoice; th' important hour
Is paſt and all our fears are o'er:
See, ev'ry trace of anguiſh flies
While in her lap the infant lies;
Her pain by ſudden joy beguil'd
She hangs in rapture o'er the child,
Her eyes o'er ev'ry feature run,
The father's beauties and her own;
There pleas'd her image to ſurvey
She melts in tenderneſs away,
Smiles o'er the babe, nor ſmiles in vain,
The babe returns th' auſpicious ſmile again.

Ye Angels! come without delay,
Britannia's Genius! come away;
Turn Heav'n's eternal volume o'er,
And look for this diſtinguiſh'd hour,
Conſult the page of Britain's ſtate
Before you cloſe the books of Fate,
Then tell us what you there have ſeen,
What eras from this birth begin,
What years from this bleſt hour muſt run
As bright and laſting as the ſun.
Far from the ken of mortal ſight
Theſe ſecrets are involv'd in night:
The bleſſings which this birth purſue
Are only known to Heav'n and you.

CHRIST's PASSION,

From a Greek ode of Mr. Maſter's, formerly of New College.

AN ODE.

No more of earthly ſubjects ſing,
To heav'n, my Muſe! aſpire,
To raiſe the ſong charge ev'ry ſtring,
And ſtrike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers ſhow
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love
Who reigns the ſov'reign God above
And ſuffers on the croſs below:
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.

What numbers ſhall I bring along,
From whence ſhall I begin the ſong?
The mighty myſtery I'll ſing inſpir'd
Beyond the reach of human wiſdom wrought,
Beyond the compaſs of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd;
I'll make the trackleſs depths of mercy known
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;
I'll raiſe my voice to tell mankind
The Victor's conqueſt or his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd
To ſeal more ſure the rav'nous tomb.

Three days th' infernal empire to fubdue
He pafs'd triumphant thro' the coafts of wo;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he flew,
And led Hell captive thro' her realms below.

A mingled found from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The fhouts of murd'rers that infult the flain,
The voice of torment and the fhrieks of pain.
I caft my eyes with horrour up
To the curft mountain's guilty top;
See there whom hanging in the midft I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I fee him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to thofe
Whofe guilt confpires to fhed his blood;
His wide extended arms I fee
Transfix'd with nails and faften'd to the tree.

Man! fenfelefs man! canft thou look on
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart,
Beat thy breaft and grovel low
Beneath the burden of thy wo,
Bleed thro' thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of fighs and weep a flood of tears.

Behold thy King with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dy'd,
Nor dipt in poiſon of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood that ſtreams from ev'ry [wound.
Doſt thou not ſee the thorny circle red,
The guilty wreath that bluſhes round his head,
And with what rage the bloody ſcourge apply'd
Curls round his limbs and ploughs into his ſide!

At ſuch a ſight let all thy anguiſh riſe,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes;
Here bid thy tears in guſhing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief and give a looſe to wo:
Weep from thy ſoul till earth be drown'd,
Weep till thy ſorrows drench the ground.
Canſt thou, ungrateful man! his torments ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him who pours his blood for thee!

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

How are deluded humankind
By empty ſhews betray'd!
In all their hopes and ſchemes they find
A nothing or a Shade.

The proſpects of a truncheon caſt
The ſoldier on the wars,
Diſmiſt with ſhatter'd limbs at laſt,
Brats, poverty, and ſcars.

The fond philoſophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no ſtone,
But tho' they toil with endleſs pain
They never find their own.

By the ſame rock the chymiſts drown
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready ſpecie down
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and ſwelling
He builds his caſtles in the air
Yet wants an houſe to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail
And damn their fruitleſs toil,
When complimented thence to jail
And ruin'd with a ſmile.

How to philoſophers will found
So ſtrange a truth diſplay'd?
" There's not a ſubſtance to be found
" But ev'ry where a Shade."

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

AN ODE.

While Cælia's hands fly ſwiftly o'er
And ſtrike this ſoft machine
Her touch awakes the ſprings and life
Of harmony within:

Sweetly they ſink into the ſtrings,
The quiv'ring ſtrings rebound,
Each ſtroke obſequiouſly obey
And tremble into ſound.

Oh! had you bleſt the years of old
His Lute had Ovid ſtrung,
And dwelt on your's, the charming theme
Of his immortal ſong.

Your's with Arion's wondrous Harp
The bard had hung on high,
And on the newborn ſtar beſtow'd
The honours of the ſky.

The radiant ſpheres had ceas'd their tunes
And danc'd in ſilence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heav'nly than their own.

Of old to raiſe one ſhade from hell
To Orpheus was it giv'n,
But ev'ry tune of your's calls down
An angel from his heav'n.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

Adviſing him to build a banqueting houſe on a hill that overlooks the ſea.

FROM this tall promontory's brow
You look majeſtick down;
And ſee extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills,
There the vaſt ſky and ſea profound
Th' increaſing proſpect fills.

O bid, my Friend! a ſtructure riſe
And this huge round command,
Then ſhall this little point compriſe
The ocean and the land.

Then you like Æolus on high
From your aerial tow'r
Shall ſee ſecure the billows fly
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You with a ſmile their rage deſpiſe
Till ſome ſad wreck appears,
And calls from your relenting eyes
The ſympathizing tears.

Thus may you view with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a ſtorm.

Majeſtick, awful, ſcene! when hurl'd
On ſurges ſurges riſe,
And all the heaving wat'ry world
Tumultuous mounts the ſkies.

The ſeas and thunder roll by turns,
By turns the peals expire,
The billows flaſh and ether burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempeſts ceaſe,
The mighty rage ſubſides,
Old Ocean huſh'd in ſolemn peace
Has ſtill'd the murm'ring tides.

Spread wide abroad the glaſſy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious ſun again
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from ſide to ſide
And flames with glancing rays,
The floating trembling ſilver tide
Is one continual blaze. 44

Your eyes the proſpect now command
All uncontroll'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from ſea to ſea. 48

Thus while above the clouds we ſit,
And innocently gay
Paſs in amuſements, wine, or wit,
The ſultry hours away, 52

Sometimes with pity or diſdain
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below. 56

We ſee from this exalted ſeat
(How ſhrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little perſon of the great,
As little as his mind. 60

See there—amidſt the crowds our view
Some ſcatter'd virtues ſtrike,
But thoſe ſo throng'd and theſe ſo few
The world looks all alike. 64

Yet thro' the cloud of humankind
The Talbots we ſurvey,
The Pitts, the Yorkes, the Seckers, find,
Who ſhine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

On the ſame ſubject.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own,

O! bid a ſtructure o'er the floods
From this high mountain riſe,
Where we may ſit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the ſkies.

Th' aſcending breeze at each repaſt
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightneſs to the taſte,
New ſpirit to the wine.

Or theſe low pleaſures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The lux'ry of the mind.

Plato or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our tow'ring thoughts shall raise,
Or Homer's fire or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays;

Or with amusive thoughts the sea
Shall entertain the mind
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind;

Where like sworn foes successive all
The furious surges run
To urge their predecessors' fall
Tho' follow'd by their own;

Where like our Moderns so profound,
Engag'd in dark dispute,
The scuttles cast their ink around
To puzzle the dispute;

Where sharks like shrewd directors thrive,
Like lawyers rob at will,
Where flying fish like trimmers live,
Like soldiers swordfish kill;

Where on the less the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale succeed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
Too truly underſtand
Each monſter of the ſea below
Is match'd by one at land.

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone,
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heav'ns thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the sun can roll
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy pow'r
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes
And view the heav'ns around,
Yon' stretching waste of azure skies
With stars and planets crown'd,

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light,

Lord! what is mortal man that he
Thy kind regard ſhould ſhare?
What is his ſon, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?

Next to the bleſt angelick kind
Thy hands created man,
And this inferiour world aſſign'd
To dignify his ſpan.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that thro' the valley ſtray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger ſpeeds his flight
And trembles at his pow'r;
In fear of his ſuperiour might
The lions ceaſe to roar.

Whatever horrid monſters tread
The paths beneath the ſea
Their king at awful diſtance dread
And ſullenly obey.

O Lord! how far extends thy name!
Where'er the ſun can roll
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV. PARAPHRASED.

Far as the world can ſtretch its bounds
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous pow'r extends around
The circuit of the ball:

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations caſt,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the wat'ry waſte.

Who ſhall aſcend his Sion's hill
And ſee Jehovah there?
Who from his ſacred ſhrine ſhall breathe
The ſacrifice of pray'r?

He only whoſe unſully'd ſoul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him ſhall his indulgent Lord
Diffuſive bounties ſhed;
From God his Saviour ſhall deſcend
All bleſſings on his head.

Of thoſe who ſeek his righteous ways
Is this the choſen race,
Who baſk in all his bounteous ſmiles
And flouriſh in his grace.

Lift up your ſtately heads ye Doors!
With haſty rev'rence riſe;
Ye everlaſting Doors! who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide
And burſt the gates of day;

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road,
The cherubs thro' your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whoſe might
Decides the conqueſt and ſuſpends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your ſtately heads ye Doors!
With haſty rev'rence riſe;
Ye everlaſting Doors! who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide
And burſt the gates of day;

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road,
The cherubs thro' your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 't is the God whoſe care
Leads on his Iſrael to the field,
Whoſe pow'r controls the war.

PSALM XXIX.

Ye mighty Princes! your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King,
His boundleſs pow'r to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his ſhrine and tremble at his name;
For hark! his voice with unreſiſted ſway
Rules and controls the raging of the ſea,
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their wat'ry cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice the nodding groves around
Start from their roots and fly the dreadful ſound,

The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See! when he speaks the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for shelter from the thund'ring God,
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire;
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
With all his savages the desert shakes;
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young,
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the list'ning deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his pow'r
Till nature sinks and time shall be no more.
With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

PSALM XLVI. PARAPHRASED.

On God we build our sure defence,
In God our hope repose,
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our foes.

Then be the earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundations hurl'd,
We may unmov'd with fear enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What tho' the ſolid rocks be rent,
In tempeſts whirl'd away?
What tho' the hills ſhould burſt their roots,
And roll into the ſea?

Thou ſea with dreadful tumults ſwell,
And bid thy waters riſe
In furious ſurges till they daſh
The floodgates of the ſkies.

Our minds ſhall be ſerene and calm
Like Siloah's peaceful flood,
Whoſe ſoft and ſilver ſtreams refreſh
The city of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
The wanton turrets play,
The ſtreams lead down their humid train
Reluctant to the ſea.

Amid the ſcene the temple floats
With its reflected tow'rs,
Gilds all the ſurface of the flood
And dances to the ſhores.

With wonder ſee what mighty pow'r
Our ſacred Sion cheers,
Lo! there amidſt her ſtately walls
Her God, her God appears.

Fix'd on her baſis ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And innocently proud
Smile on the tumults of the world
Beneath the wings of God.

See how their weakneſs to proclaim
The Heathen tribes engage!
See how with fruitleſs wrath they burn
And impotence of rage!

But God has ſpoke; and lo! the world,
His terrours to diſplay,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops ſilently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort,
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

Hither ye num'rous nations crowd,
In ſilent rapture ſtand,
And ſee o'er all the earth diſplay'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be ſtill
And all its tumults ceaſe,
He bids the guiltleſs trumpet ſound
The harmony of peace ;

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He burſts the brazen ſpear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Conſumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
" Be ſtill and know the Lord ;
" By all the Heathen I 'll be fear'd,
" By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort,
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.

Thy hand, O Lord! thro' rolling years
Has ſav'd us from deſpair,
From period down to period ſtretch'd
The proſpects of thy care.

Before the world was firſt conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who ſtruggled to their birth,

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the firſt race of ſtarting time
Was meaſur'd by the ſun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Riſe at the ſummons, and reſtore
The periſh'd race of man.

Before thy comprehenſive ſight
Duration fleets away,
And rapid ages on the wing
Fly ſwifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore
The longeſt era is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord!
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flatt'ring dream of life
To ſleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments paſs,
And leave poor man for whom they run
The emblem of the graſs.

In the firſt morn of life it grows
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at ev'ning dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our ſecret ſins ſurvey,
And ſee how gloomy thoſe appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drive us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged ſpeed to ſtated bounds
And limits we muſt fly,
While ſev'nty rolling ſuns complete
Their circles in the ſky.

Or if ten more around us roll
'Tis labour wo and ſtrife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the laſt dregs of life.

But who, O Lord! regards thy wrath,
Tho' dreadful and ſevere,
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord! to count our days
And eye their conſtant race,
To meaſure what we want in time
By wiſdom and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choiceſt graces ſhed,
And ſhow'r from thy celeſtial throne
Thy bleſſings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here
And come without delay,
Then our whole courſe of life will ſeem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the bleſt years of joy reſtore
For thoſe of grief and ſtrife,
And with one pleaſant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world diſplay
Thy ſervants to adorn,
That may delight their future ſons
And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of majefty diffufe,
With them thy great commands,
And bid profperity attend
The labours of our hands.

PSALM CXXXIX.

PARAPHRASED IN MILTONICK VERSE.

O Dread Jehovah! thy allpiercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of duft: thy ftretching fight
Surveys th' harmonious principles that move
In beauteous rank and order to inform
This cafk and animated mafs of clay:
Nor are the profpects of thy wondrous fight
To this terreftrial part of man confin'd,
But fhoot into his foul, and there difcern
The firft materials of unfafhion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigefted, till the mind
Big with the tender images expands,
And fwelling labours with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move thy cares purfue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of fleep
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A fweet forgetfulnefs of all my toils,
Unfeen thy fov'reign prefence guards my fleep,
Wafts all the terrours of my dreams away,
Sooths all my foul, and softens my repofe.

Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to ſound,
Before imagination ſtands diſplay'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with ſpeech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Haſt moulded man from his congenial duſt,
And ſpoke him into being; while the clay
Beneath thy forming hand leap'd forth inſpir'd
And ſtarted into life, thro' ev'ry part
At thy command the wheels of motion play'd.
But ſuch exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its ſuperiour ſphere:
In vain with reaſon's ballaſt would he try
To ſtem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'erſets and founders in the vaſt abyſs.
Then whither ſhall the rapid fancy run,
Tho' in its full career, to ſpeed my flight
From thy unbounded preſence, which alone
Fills all the regions and extended ſpace
Beyond the bounds of nature? Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove
To leave behind thy ſpirit and outfly
Its influence, which with brooding wings outſpread
Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark profound.
If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majeſty;
In the pure empyrean thee I view

High thron'd above all height, thy radiant ſhrine
Throng'd with the proſtrate ſeraphs, who receive
Beatitude paſt utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound
There too I find thee in the loweſt bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the ſcenes
Of complicated wrath; I ſee thee clad
In all the majeſty of darkneſs there.
If on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborn with indefatigable courſe
I ſeek the glowing borders of the Eaſt,
Where the bright ſun emergent from the deeps
With his firſt glories gilds the ſparkling ſeas
And trembles o'er the waves, ev'n there thy hand
Shall thro' the wat'ry deſert guide my courſe,
And o'er the broken ſurges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang ſecure
And mock the warring ocean. If with hopes
As fond as falſe the darkneſs I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling ſhade,
Vain were the thought, for thy unbounded ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro' all
The palpable obſcure. Before thy eyes
The vanquiſh'd Night throws off her duſky ſhrowd
And kindles into day, the ſhade and light
To man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.
On thee is all the ſtructure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent womb

Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth,
Yet, Lord! thy outſtretch'd arm preſerv'd me there
Before I mov'd to entity and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours, for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabrick when it laid
The groundwork of exiſtence; hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terrour and delight, and wrapt in both
I ſtartle at myſelf. My bones unform'd
As yet, nor hard'ning from the viſcous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated maſs,
Thy eye diſtinctly view'd; and while I lay
Within the earth imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint dawn of life, with eaſe ſurvey'd
The vital glimm'rings of the active ſeeds
Juſt kindling to exiſtence, and beheld
My ſubſtance ſcarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this ſtructure drawn,
Where ev'ry part in juſt connection join'd
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim ſpeck of being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler ſpace.
How dear how rooted in my inmoſt ſoul
Are all thy counſels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the ſum
So boundleſs and immenſe it leaves behind

The low account of numbers, and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd:
Leſs numerous are the ſands that crowd the ſhores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft bed and ſofter joys of ſleep
I riſe to thee; yet lo! the impious ſlight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the ſons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand
And mock thy ling'ring thunder, which withholds
Its forky terrours from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt and fly
All ye who thirſt for blood—for ſwoln with pride
Each haughty wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred name,
And bellows his approaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy foes I hate
Worſe than my own. O Lord! explore my ſoul,
See if a flaw or ſtain of ſin infects
My guilty thoughts, then lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heav'n and thee.

PSALM CXLIV. PARAPHRASED.

My ſoul! in raptures riſe to bleſs the Lord
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal ſword;
Led by his arm undaunted I appear
In the firſt ranks of death and front of war.
He taught me firſt the pointed ſpear to wield
And mow the glorious harveſt of the field:

By him inspir'd from ſtrength to ſtrength I paſt,
Plung'd thro' the troops, and laid the battle waſte.
In him my hopes I centre and repoſe;
He guards my life and ſhields me from my foes;
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And ſcreen'd me trembling in the mighty ſhade:
Againſt all hoſtile violence and pow'r
He was my ſword, my bulwark, and my tow'r;
He o'er my people will maintain my ſway
And teach my willing ſubjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he ſhould thus thy ſecret counſels ſhare,
Or what his ſon, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing man,
His life a point, his meaſure but a ſpan,
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream and fleeting as a ſhade?
Come in thy pow'r and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harneſs'd tempeſt give the rein;
Yon' ſtarry arch ſhall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot and ſo great the God.
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls
The folding ſkies ſhall tremble to the poles,
Heav'n's gaudy axle with the world ſhall fall,
Leap from the centre and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands the lab'ring hills expire
Thick clouds of ſmoke and deluges of fire;

On the tall groves the red deſtroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze.
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly
On purple pinions thro' the gloomy ſky.
  Extend thy hand, thou kind allgracious God!
Down from the heav'n of heav'ns, thy bright abode,
And ſhield me from my foes, whoſe tow'ring pride
Low'rs like a ſtorm and gathers like a tide;
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name and trample on thy laws,
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaſpheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious and their deeds profane;
They plead their boaſted innocence in vain.
  Thy name ſhall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the ſacred numbers of my ſong;
To thee my Muſe ſhall conſecrate her lays,
And ev'ry note ſhall labour in thy praiſe;
The hallow'd theme ſhall teach me how to ſing,
Swell on the lyre and tremble on the ſtring.
  Oft' has thy hand from fight the monarch led
When death flew raging and the battle bled,
And ſnatch'd thy ſervant in the laſt deſpair
From all the riſing tumult of the war.
  Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name and trample on thy laws,
That our fair ſons may ſmile in early bloom,
Our ſons, the hopes of all our years to come,

Like plants that nurs'd by foſt'ring ſhow'rs ariſe
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies,
That our chaſte daughters may their charms diſplay,
Like the bright pillars of our temple gay,
Poliſh'd, and tall, and ſmooth, and fair as they.
  Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burſt with all the ſeaſons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in ev'ry quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in ev'ry ſtreet;
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd ſummer home;
Oh! may no ſighs, no ſtreams, of ſorrow flow
To ſtain our triumphs with the tears of wo.
  Bleſs'd is the nation, how ſincerely bleſt!
Of ſuch unbounded happineſs poſſeſt,
To whom Jehovah's ſacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Iſrael for their own.

JOB, CHAP. III.

Job curs'd his birth, and bad his curſes flow
In words of grief and eloquence of wo;
Loſt be that day which dragg'd me to my doom
Recent to life and ſtruggling from the womb,
Whoſe beams with ſuch malignant luſtre ſhone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run;
Loſt be that night in undetermin'd ſpace,
And veil'd with deeper ſhades her gloomy face,

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Dim are the brighteſt ſplendours of the ſky,
And the ſun darkens in Jehovah's eye;
But does not ſin diffuſe a fouler ſtain,
And thicker darkneſs cloud the ſoul of man?
Shall he the depths of endleſs wiſdom know,
This ſhort-liv'd ſov'reign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boaſt,
Sprung from the ground and quicken'd from the duſt.

THE SONG OF MOSES,

EXODUS, CHAP. XV. PARAPHRASED.

Then to the Lord the vaſt triumphant throng
Of Iſrael's ſons with Moſes rais'd the ſong.
  To God our grateful accents will we raiſe,
And ev'ry tongue ſhall celebrate his praiſe;
Behold diſplay'd the wonders of his might,
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd,
What trophies rais'd amid the wat'ry waſte!
How did his pow'r the ſteeds and riders ſweep,
Ingulf'd in heaps and whelm'd beneath the deep!
  Whom ſhould we fear while he, heav'n's awful Lord,
Unſheaths for Iſrael his avenging ſword?
His outſtretch'd arm and tutelary care
Guarded and ſav'd us in the laſt deſpair;
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our ſhackles and unlock'd our chains;

To him our God, our fathers' God, I'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incense, sacrifice and pray'r.
The Lord commands in war; his matchless might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight;
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hov'ring tumult where to storm:
His name, O Israel! heav'n's eternal lord,
For ever honour'd, rev'renc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight from Egypt's fruitful soil
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride and o'erwhelm'd his war;
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay
For many a league impurpling all the sea;
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriours, whirl'd around,
Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy pow'r, thou mighty God! withstand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terrour rose
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes;
Struck by that hand their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame:
At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wond'ring flood;

Roll'd up the cryſtal ridges ſtrike the ſkies,
Waves peep o'er waves and ſeas o'er ſeas ariſe:
Around in heaps the liſt'ning ſurges ſtand,
Mute and obſervant of the high command;
Congeal'd with fear attends the wat'ry train
Rous'd from the ſecret chambers of the main.
With ſavage joy the ſons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vaſt were their hopes and boundleſs was their pride)
Let us purſue thoſe fugitives of Nile,
This ſervile nation, and divide the ſpoil,
And ſpread ſo wide the ſlaughter till their blood
Dyes with a ſtronger red the bluſhing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hoſts afford
To glut and fatten the devouring ſword!
As thus the yawning gulf the boaſters paſt
At thy command ruſh'd forth the rapid blaſt,
Then at the ſignal giv'n with dreadful ſway
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring ſea.
And now the diſintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds and thaw the frozen tide;
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud embattled ſurges to the war,
Till her proud ſons aſtoniſh'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows and in tempeſts drown'd.
What God can emulate thy pow'r divine,
Or who oppoſe his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confeſs their fear and ſhame;

The world attends thy abſolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand;
That hand extended o'er the ſwelling ſea
The conſcious billows rev'rence and obey;
O'er the devoted race the ſurges ſweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep;
That hand redeem'd us from our ſervile toil,
And each inſulting tyrant of the Nile;
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand
From Egypt's realms to Canaan's ſacred land:
Thou wert their guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To ſmooth the way and clear the dreadful road.
The diſtant kingdoms ſhall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philiſtines ſhall confeſs their fear,
Thy fame ſhall over Edom's princes ſpread,
And Moab's kings, the univerſal dread,
While the vaſt ſcenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horrour to the braveſt heart.
As thro' the world the gath'ring terrour runs
Canaan ſhall ſhrink and tremble for his ſons;
Till thou haſt Jacob from his bondage brought
At ſuch a vaſt expenſe of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bleſt abodes
Led thro' the dark receſſes of the floods;
Crown'd with their tribes ſhall proud Moriah riſe,
And rear his ſummit nearer to the ſkies.
Thro' ages, Lord! ſhall ſtretch thy boundleſs pow'r,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand when time ſhall be no more;

For Pharaoh's ſteeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in and boldly rang'd the ſandy plain,
While in the dreadful road and deſert way
The ſhining crowds of gaſping fiſhes lay,
Till all around with liquid toils beſet
The Lord ſwept o'er their heads the wat'ry net.
He freed the ocean from his ſecret chain,
And on each hand diſcharg'd the thund'ring main;
The looſen'd billows burſt from ev'ry ſide,
And whelm the war and warriours in the tide;
But on each hand the ſolid billows ſtood
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood
Till the bleſt race to promis'd Canaan paſt
O'er the dry path, and trod the wat'ry waſte.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK II. PARAPHRASED.

Let the brave youth be train'd the ſtings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the ſchool of want be taught
The exerciſe of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom
To liſten to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to ſubdue
With unreſiſted arms.

The hoftile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Diftracted with defpair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight
And thund'ring thro' the war.

As from the battlements fhe views
The flaughter of his fword
Thus fhall the fair exprefs her grief
And terrours for her lord:

" Look down, ye gracious Pow'rs! from heav'n,
" Nor let my confort go,
" Rude in the arts of war, to fight
" This formidable foe.

" Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
" The royal favage flies
" When at the flighteft touch he fprings
" And darts upon his prize."

How fair, how comely, are our wounds
our dear country's caufe!
fame attends the glorious fate
ns our dying laws!

hand arrefts the fears
ward's mind,
flying wretch
ehind:

Bravely regardleſs of diſgrace
Bold Virtue ſtands alone,
With pure unſully'd glory ſhines
And honours ſtill her own.

From the dark grave and ſilent duſt
She bids her ſons ariſe,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the ſkies.

Now with triumphant wings ſhe ſoars
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth and grov'ling crowd,
And tow'rs th' ethereal way.

With her has ſilence a reward
Within the bleſs'd abodes,
That holy ſilence which conceals
The ſecrets of the gods:

But with a wretch I would not live
By ſacrilege profan'd,
Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor lanch
One veſſel from the land;

For blended with the bad the good
The common ſtroke have felt,
And Heav'n's dire vengeance ſtruck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine purſues the wretch
At preſent lame and ſlow,
But yet tho' tardy to advance
She gives the ſurer blow.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK IV. PARAPHRASED.

Whom firſt, Melpomene! thy eye
With friendly aſpect views
Shall from his cradle riſe renown'd
And ſacred to the Muſe.

Nor to th' Iſthmian Games his fame
And deathleſs triumphs owe,
Nor ſhall he wear the verdant wreath
That ſhades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courſer's ſpeed,
Nor thro' the glorious cloud of duſt
Provoke the bounding ſteed.

Nor as an haughty victor mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Becauſe his thund'ring hand in war
Has check'd the ſwelling tide
Of the ſtern tyrant's pow'r, and broke
The meaſures of his pride.

But by ſweet Tibur's groves and ſtreams
His glorious theme purſues,
And ſcorns the laurels of the war
For thoſe that crown the Muſe.

There in the moſt retir'd retreats
He ſets his charming ſong
To the ſweet harp which Sappho touch'd
Or bold Alcæus ſtrung.

Rank'd by thy ſons, imperial Rome!
Among the poets' quire,
Above the reach of Envy's hand
I ſafely may aſpire.

Thou ſacred Muſe! whoſe artful hand
Can teach the bard to ſing,
Can animate the golden lyre
And wake the living ſtring;

Thou by whoſe mighty pow'r may ſing,
In unaccuſtom'd ſtrains,
The ſilent fiſhes in the floods
As on their banks the ſwans;

To thee I owe my ſpreading fame,
That thouſands as they gaze
Make me their wonder's common theme
And object of their praiſe.

If firſt I ſtruck the Leſbian lyre
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours when I pleaſe
(If e'er I pleaſe) to thee.

IMITATIONS.

ON THE ART OF PREACHING,

A FRAGMENT *,

In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

——" Pendent opera interrupta "——

SHOULD ſome fam'd hand in this fantaſtick age
Draw Rich as Rich appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd and breaking from his egg,
While monſter crowds on monſter thro' the piece,
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
" A court of cobblers or a mob of kings,"
Such is a ſermon, where confus'dly dark
Join Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and Clarke;
So eggs of diff'rent pariſhes will run
To batter when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chymick liquors when you mix
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.
Full licence prieſts and painters ever had
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad,

* Printed from a copy in the hand-writing of the Author.

For theſe cann't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor thoſe paint tigers in an aſs's ſkin.
No common dauber in one piece would join
The fox and gooſe—unleſs upon a ſign.
Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from Tillotſon,
And then conclude divinely with their own:
Like oil on water mounts the prelate up;
His grace is always ſure to be at top:
That vein of Mercury its beams will ſpread
And ſhine more ſtrongly thro' a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your audience never bilk,
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk.
Some eaſy ſubject chuſe within your pow'r,
Or you can never hold out half an hour.
One rule obſerve; this Sunday ſplit your text,
Preach one part now and t' other half the next.
Speak, look, and move, with dignity and eaſe,
Like mitred Secker; you 'll be ſure to pleaſe:
But if you whine like boys at country ſchools
Can you be ſaid to ſtudy Cambray's rules?
Begin with care, nor like that curate vile
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling ſtyle,
" Whoever with a piercing eye can ſee
" Thro' the paſt records of futurity"—
All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
Talks much and ſays juſt nothing for an hour;
Truth and the text he labours to diſplay
Till both are quite interpreted away:

So frugal dames inſipid water pour
Till green bohea and coffee are no more.
His arguments in ſilly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they began:
So the poor turnſpit as the wheel runs round
The more he gains the more he loſes ground.
Surpris'd with ſolitary ſelfapplauſe
He ſees the motley mingled ſcene he draws:
Dutch painters thus at their own figures ſtart,
Drawn with their utmoſt uncreating art.
Thus when old Bruin teems her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, tho' ſhe licks her cubs, her tender cares
At beſt can bring the Bruins but to bears.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at the court,
Againſt churchpower at viſitations bawl,
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall,
Harangue the Horſeguards on a cure of ſouls,
Condemn the quirks of Chanc'ry at the Rolls,
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Paul's,
Or be like David Jones ſo indiſcreet
To rave at uſurers in Lombard ſtreet?
Ye country Vicars, when you preach in Town
A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of ev'ry prig
Lay by the little band and ruſty wig;
But yet be ſure your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of Bow;

Speak not the phraſe that Drury-Lane affords,
Nor from Changealley ſteal a cant of words:
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle, nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murder;
The dregs of the canaille will look aſkew
To hear the language of the Town from you:
Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the Aldermen to hear the jeſt.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

I.

A Well known vaſe of ſov'reign uſe I ſing,
Pleaſing to young and old, and Jordan hight.
The lovely queen and eke the haughty king
Snatch up this veſſel in the murky night;
Ne lives there poor ne lives there wealthy wight
But uſes it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it ſtands array'd in gloſſy white,
And eft in mighty dortours may be ſeen
Of China's fragile earth with azure flowrets ſheen.

II.

The virgin comely as the dewy roſe
Here gently ſheds the ſoftly-whiſp'ring rill;
The frannion, who ne ſhame ne bluſhing knows,
At once the potter's gloſſy vaſe does fill;
It whizzes like the waters from a mill.

Here frouzy houſewives clear their loaded reins,
The beef-fed juſtice, who ſat ale doth ſwill,
Graſps the round-handled jar, and tries and ſtrains,
While ſlowly dribbling down the ſcanty water drains.

III.

The dame of Fraunce ſhall without ſhame convey
This ready needment to its proper place,
Yet ſhall the daughters of the lond of Fay
Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
Warm bluſhes lend a beauty to their face,
For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
Thus o'er the diſtant hillocks you may trace
The purple beamings of the infant morn:
Sweet are our blooming maids—the ſweeteſt creatures born!

IV.

None but their huſbands or their lovers true
They truſt with management of their affairs,
Nor ev'n theſe their privacy may view
When the ſoft beavies ſeek the bow'r by pairs;
Then from the ſight accoy'd, like tim'rous hares,
From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
Think not, good ſwain! that theſe are ſcornful airs;
Think not for hate they ſhun thine am'rous eye;
Soon ſhall the fair return, nor done thee youth to dye.

V.

While Belgick frows acroſs a charcoal ſtove
(Repleniſh'd like the Veſtals' laſting fire)
Bren for whole years and ſcorch the parts of love,
No longer parts that can delight inſpire,

Erſt cave of bliſs, now monumental pyre,
O Britiſh maid! for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will wake my ſimple lyre,
With double care preſerve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' myſtick bow'r, Dan Cupid's feather'd ſeat.

VI.

So may your hours ſoft-ſliding ſteal away
Unknown to gnarring ſlander and to bale,
O'er ſeas of bliſs Peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impeſt the paſſing gale.
O! ſweeter than the lilies of the dale
In your ſoft breaſts the fruits of joyance grow,
Ne fell Deſpair be here with viſage pale;
Brave be the youth for whom your boſoms glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful ſtriplings know.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS
May 25, 1782.

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